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Painted by Howard Chandler Christy

GENE STRATTON-PORTER ~ ~ A Message To Women

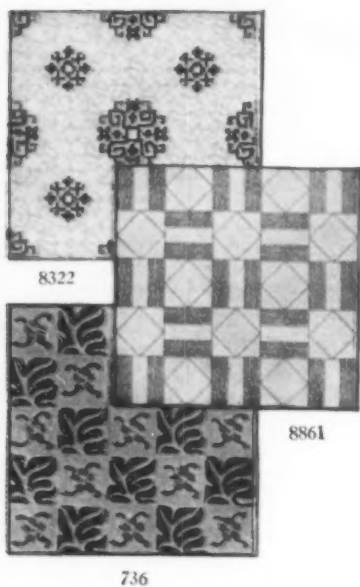
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS ~ ~ The Jewel Aflame

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THE transformation of this attic began when the floor of Armstrong's Printed Linoleum was put down over the original soft wood flooring.

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the burlap back



If you would prefer one of these patterns of Armstrong's Linoleum for the floor of your attic, order (by number) from your linoleum merchant.

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By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe color plates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT
924 Virginia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Nineteen-Twenty-Two on McCall Street

NEW YEAR, as it comes to McCall Street, on this eve of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Two, finds this famous thoroughfare in gayest mood. For never before in our history has such a great band of readers assembled here to celebrate the beginning of another twelfth month with us, nor have we ever been able to promise our readers such an editorial program as we present on this page today . . . a program so brilliant, we feel, that it will leave in the minds of the thousands of new subscribers to McCall's no doubt that they are justified in joining the ranks of dwellers on McCall Street, and one which our old subscribers will recognize as marking an amazing advance over anything McCall's has ever before put forth. . . .

Four Great Novels

In the first place McCall's in 1922 will double the number of serials it has been printing and will publish **FOUR** novels this year. These novels will be the work of **THE MOST FAMOUS NOVELISTS** in the world, and undeniably superior to most contemporary magazine fiction. With much pride we announce that in 1922 we will publish full-length novels by these four great writers:

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
NALBRO BARTLEY
ETHEL M. DELL

The Best Short Stories

McCall's short stories 1922 will continue to include nothing short of the best. No short story will appear in our pages that is not, in the estimation of the editor, a really fine piece of work—but fine in conception as well as in interest. The names of the authors whose short stories we will print in 1922 are the guarantee of their excellence. Some of those who will move on McCall Street this year are:

BOOTH TARKINGTON
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
NALBRO BARTLEY
CORRA HARRIS
FANNY HEASLIP LEA
PELHAM GRENVILLE WODEHOUSE
INEZ HAYNES IRWIN
SOPHIE KERR
LUCIAN CARY
HOLWORTHY HALL
MARJORIE PICKTHALL
LUCILE VAN SLYKE
HELEN TOPPING MILLER
MILDRED CRAM
MARY AGNES BROWNELL
ETHEL M. DELL



Famous Thinkers, Too

In the field of the editorial article, which is most important in this time of post-war stress and strain when we all need the guidance of "the best minds," McCall's will measure up to the highest standard of contemporary excellence. During the year we will open our pages to discussions of the burning questions of the day and some of those who will contribute their opinions will be

GENE STRATTON-PORTER
W. L. GEORGE
JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER
GENEVIEVE PARKHURST
DJUNA BARNES
HELEN BULLITT LOWRY
JAMES HENLE
ZOE BECKLEY

McCall's 1922 program will also show great strides in the material that we will present as pertaining to the home. There will appear, among many fine contributions, several series of articles by these noted authorities:

MAY B. VAN ARSDALE, Head of the Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers' College, Columbia University.

MRS. GOUVENEUR MORRIS, in charge of Primrose House, the famous "beauty shop" of New York.

RUBY ROSS GOODNOW, Head of the Interior Decorating Department of John Wanamaker's New York Shop.

The February McCall's

As an earnest of our 1922 program, we append here the contents of our next issue, one of the finest magazines yet placed upon a newstand, we believe, when judged either from the viewpoint of the authors presented or the stories they have written. In this number of McCall's the leading place is taken by

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

BY
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

This famous author of *The Bat*, *The Circular Staircase*, *The Man in Lower Ten*, *Tish* and *The Bab* stories, will relate a romance about a famous prima donna and her struggle between love and fame. This story shows Mrs. Rinehart at her best and McCall's will print it in its entirety in the single issue.

Robert W. Chambers is represented by "Cup and Lip," the most thrilling episode of his famous series, "The Flaming Jewel."

Helen Topping Miller is the author of "The Road That Leads Back," and Sophie Kerr contributes "Apricot Flowers," the first of a series of flower stories.

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McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

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If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Send your renewal within ten days, so you will not miss the next number.

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Gene Stratton-Porter, In a New Year's Message To the Readers of McCall's, says:

The Women of 1922 Have
The Greatest Opportunity
Ever Afforded Women In
The History of the World

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Author of "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," and "Her Father's Daughter"



Frank X.



Leyendecker

THERE is a paramount reason why the women of nineteen twenty-two have the greatest opportunity that ever has been afforded women in the history of the world for doing work worth while. Three prime factors contribute to this condition.

Never before in the history of the world have our universities, colleges, schools and churches been prepared to educate the people as they are today. Any woman ready to cope with life in nineteen twenty-two has the benefit of these superior advantages. She may profit by all that has been developed previous to her day in every line of literature, science and art. A woman having a fair degree of health and culminating ambition can in some way manage to educate herself to any degree she elects along any line. This being a well-known fact, it follows that the women of the coming year who desire an education have the best opportunity women ever have had.

The second factor that enters into the possibilities of women for the coming year is breadth. Some women have very rightly in the past been accused of too high a degree of felinity, of being too narrow—feline tendencies being an inheritance, the narrowness due to environment. It has not been possible for a woman confined within the walls of the average home, as homes in this country have been constructed and conducted up to, say at random, the past ten years, and occupied in bearing, rearing, feeding and clothing a family, and being the wife of a demanding man, to cultivate her brain highly nor to develop any of her faculties largely in a personal way. But from that time advancing toward the present, architects have begun to learn how to put into a house comforts and conveniences that work toward the emancipation of women from much of the worst drudgery of house-keeping. Turning over to factories the making of clothing for children and adults has been a great time- and labor-saving achievement for women. Patented conveniences of every imaginable sort have shortened women's hours and eased their labor. Canning, preserving and drying are now done more efficiently and in less than one-fourth the time formerly used.

Every labor- and time-saving device that enters a home, lightening woman's work and shortening her hours, gives her that much more time for self culture—that much more strength with which to broaden the field of her mental activities. Mail delivery in city and rural districts has been a daily education for women, who have had the time in which to become educated.

Work of inestimable value has been done by such magazines as *McCall's*, *Good Housekeeping* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. These publications have employed skillful teachers of domestic science to teach women what foods make healthful, nourishing and digestible combinations, how to prepare them in a speedy and scientific manner. One new cooking device has followed another, until today a woman for a reasonable sum may own a steam pressure cooker that will cook almost any vegetable you can mention in ten minutes, a roast chicken in fifteen, and a fair-sized ham in thirty. Experts tell women how to furnish their homes comfortably, artistically and cheaply, how to clean and keep them efficiently. Physicians of international reputation teach them how to prepare for the coming of their children, how to dress them and to rear them.

I stand uncovered before the Women's Clubs of our country. The work they have done during the past twenty years is astoundingly wonderful.

Twenty years ago I knew little over-tired anemic women who hesitated to read a common magazine article aloud; today those same women are standing up in State Federation meetings talking convincingly on civics and political economy. They leave Shakespeare, Browning and Fabre for home-town consumption; but do not let anyone imagine that they have not consumed them, and travelogued around the world with Burton Holmes, taken the Chataqua courses, or that they do not subscribe to *The National Geographic* and *The Literary Digest*. This state of affairs continuing for many years can have had only a beneficial effect upon women. They have learned that they may be sympathetic wives, devoted mothers, excellent housekeepers, and also be comfortably and becomingly clothed, and in a mental state enabling them to cope with any ordinary occasion which may arise in home or public life.

From this stage advancing in another five-year leap toward the present, we cover the period of the world war. Any woman, from adolescence upward, who lived through this period and did not come out of it a bigger, broader, better equipped woman, lost the war so far as she is concerned personally. The mental

breed by the unusual exigencies of war. It is not contributive to the best life and progress of the nation. But the point I am trying to make is that it does prove what a woman can do in business lines if she must. Instead of demurring at this condition it will be necessary for men so to equip themselves that they become more desirable to the employers of labor than women; this will effect a speedy solution of the difficulty. At any rate, the fact that such a state of affairs exists proves at least that woman is better equipped in a business way for nineteen twenty-two than ever before.

The third advantage this condition has given to matured women is better health. Many a woman who never in her life had done anything that cost her more exertion than planning for her own comfort, designing her own toilette, or providing her own amusement, was forced by the way to learn to stand securely on her own legs, to use her brain,

to use her hands, to do the work of a servant in her own home, and, in many instances, to go out into the world and do the work of a man. And in forgetting self and petty ailments, the ailments ceased to exist. Her flesh hardened, her muscles limbered, her brain was put to beneficial purposes, she became a real factor in the economic conditions of her country. Everywhere today one can see women in the best physical condition they have ever experienced, and, in all probability, the most comfortably clothed that women have been since the days of the ascendancy of Greece and Rome. In fact, clothing for women today is very similar to the dress of those days, with the exception that skirts are shortened to a reasonable degree for comfort in the daily affairs of life. With perfect propriety women today may discard the iron-bound encasement commonly

[Continued on page 25]

stress of giving one's most dearly loved flesh and blood, the economic stress that had to be met in order to support the armies and provide for the home life of the nation, the physical stress necessary to lead up to a successful culmination, could only result in making every woman who lived through it a more sympathetic woman mentally, a more capable woman economically, a stronger woman physically. I believe it to be an undeniable truth that the men of big business who were forced to take women wholly untrained for business into offices and factories in order to carry on the work the men laid down when going overseas, were astonished at the adaptability, the capability, the executive power, they displayed. When it came to giving up this work and the remuneration therefor, and going back to the grind of housework, it is no wonder that many of them elected to remain in business. This is a condition

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for use on the Victrola

Victor Records by the greatest artists are issued only when the artists who made them are fully satisfied that the records exactly duplicate their performances.

In judging their Victor Records for approval these artists play them on the Victrola—the instrument for which they are specially made.

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Victrolas \$25 to \$1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month.



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Can you make fried foods greaseless and dainty enough for dessert?



A New Fried Apple Dessert

An apple, boiled in syrup, then fried in Crisco, gives a dessert of a new and delicious taste. Follow this exclusive recipe—one of many in the cookbook offered below.

Apples with Red Currant Jelly

6 cooking apples	6 glacé cherries
4 tablespoons flour	red currant jelly
1 egg	Crisco
cake crumbs	syrup
apricot jam	

Choose apples as much as possible same size, peel and core them carefully, so as not to break them. Put 1 cupful syrup in pan or baking tin, put in apples and cook over fire or in oven until nearly done. Baste them occasionally with syrup. Let them get cold, then roll them in flour, brush over with beaten egg, toss in sifted cake crumbs, and fry in hot Crisco a golden brown. Drain on piece of paper, fill centers with apricot jam, cut out some rounds of red currant jelly, place 1 on top of each apple and a glacé cherry on that. Dish up and serve hot or cold. An apricot syrup should be sent to table separately with apples.

Should Fat be Heated in a Hot or Cold Kettle?

The answers to practical questions like this, covering all branches of cookery, make "A Calendar of Dinners" one of the most helpful books a housekeeper could have. Its author, Marion Harris Neil, formerly cookery editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal", fills 231 pages with cookery instructions drawn from her wide experience, gives instructions for marketing and carving, tables of weights and measures, cookery time tables, 615 exclusive recipes, and 365 complete dinner menus—one for every day in the year. You can not duplicate this book at any bookstore. Each book costs almost fifty cents to print. You can get one copy for only 10c in stamps mailed with your name and address to Section L-1, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



HALF the credit for dainty, greaseless fried food goes to the skill of the cook, and half to the frying fat.

The cook's part lies in knowing how to heat the fat without spoiling its quality; in knowing how much fat to use and how hot it should be; in knowing how to coat the food for frying and tell when it is done; and in knowing how to drain off the surplus fat while the food is still warm.

The fat, for perfect results, should be of vegetable origin, so it will not make the food hard to digest; it should be tasteless, so it will give no fatty flavor to delicate foods; it should give up its heat quickly to form on the food a protecting crust

that will keep the fat out and the flavor in; it should heat without smoking, so that the frying kettle is pleasant and easy to use, it should not take up any food odors or flavors, so that it can simply be strained after each frying and kept always ready to use again.

You can get *all* of these qualities for perfect frying in Crisco, the modern, vegetable cooking fat. You can get the expert directions that will enable you to do your part right, in the complete cookbook offered at the left. You need not be a user of Crisco in order to get the cookbook. But we are sure that if you once try Crisco, as directed, you will never go back to old-fashioned methods or old-fashioned cooking fat.

Crisco is sold by grocers everywhere, in sanitary, sealed cans, holding one pound, net weight, and upwards. Never sold in bulk.

CRISCO
For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making





Can Divorce Ever Part Husband and Wife?

Or Is There Something Sacred and Everlasting About First Marriages?

By James Henle

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. BENDA

RECENTLY a divorce suit dragged its sordid way through the New York courts. There was little that was remarkable about the case, but accounts of the charges and counter-charges, of the testimony of spies and informers, of the thrusts and insinuations of attorneys, gained the first pages of newspapers because of the social prominence of the persons involved. It was not the first taste of scandal for the husband. But he seemed sturdily unconscious of it all as he sat in the courtroom intently making notes as his witnesses piled accusation upon accusation against his wife.

But there was one unusual feature in the case, though little comment was made upon it at the time. From one point of view the friction between husband and wife seemed to date from the time when there developed a strange suspicion in the mind of the wife. The suspicion was that her husband did not love her, but instead was secretly attached to another woman—his first wife! He had been divorced from the former many years before. Her reputation has been and is spotless. So far as the world has known, their divorce was complete and final. They were never seen together. The first wife remarried and rebuilt her life. The husband continued upon a quest of pleasure that was interrupted only when a chorus girl emptied a revolver into his body, failing, however, to inflict a vital wound.

To Broadway and its habitués nothing would have seemed more utterly absurd than the suggestion that this hardened old man, past three-score years of age, retained the least trace of affection for his first wife, that he looked back upon his first marriage or even remembered it at all.

And yet here it was—something more than a suggestion—the statement of his second wife that her unhappiness dated from the hour when she first believed that it was not she who possessed his real devotion—that in spirit he still was wedded to her whose part in his life the world had forgotten, but who, years before, became his by the holy sacrament of marriage.

Attorneys for the husband rejected the intimation as preposterous, and not the slightest proof of it was ever produced in court. Yet who can say how true was the intuition of the second wife? Who can know how correctly she may have guessed at what lay hidden, perhaps unknown even to him, in the very roots of his mind?

Recently, also, death ended the career of the scion of a wealthy family, a career that in former years had furnished gossip for a continent. The first the nation knew of this man was when he separated from his wife after brutally beating the neighbor whom he accused of having fallen in love with her. A divorce followed and thereafter his name appeared with a certain frequency in the public prints.

HERE are facts which every thinking man and woman ought to know. They relate to one of the great burning questions of civilized mankind—the problem of divorce. They are facts which every man or woman who is thinking of marriage a second time ought to face. It is not an argument against second marriage, but it is an enumeration of the dangers which ought to be thrashed out between men and women before they make the decision which may mean years of misery and unhappiness.

But his death disclosed that he and his wife had reunited, despite the fact that he had cast her off under circumstances which had created a public scandal. He had discovered that she was essential to his happiness, and his closing years were brightened by association with her.

These are two widely differing examples, selected because the persons concerned in them attained a certain notoriety before the public. Other examples could be cited by nearly everyone from the circle of his or her acquaintances—examples of couples whose separation has not been final, instances where one or both parties to a divorce have regretted it and have desired to resume the marital tie.

What is this strange attraction which in so many cases brings a man back to a woman he has wronged and a union he has scorned, which often recalls a woman to a relationship which had once become so repugnant to her that she felt she must break it at any cost? Whence does it arise? What is the secret of its uncanny force? Men and women do not willingly make enormous sacrifices for a prize which they renounce as soon as won. Yet many a person has sacrificed reputation and fortune, faced ridicule and contempt in order to obtain a freedom that immediately becomes as irksome as the former state has been.

Is it because there is something peculiarly sacred about a first marriage, something so sacred that a trace of this sanctity remains after marriage has been marred by disputes and dissensions and even ended—so far as a marriage can be ended—by divorce? Has it a certain glamour, a certain awe-compelling quality which no second marriage, while the partner of that first marriage still lives, can ever attain?

Has this first marriage an influence which persists after a second, or even a third, has been contracted? Does it stand there as a fateful *memento mori*, does it interpose itself as a hateful death's-head at a feast? Is it there on watch, vibrant, alive, when the first days of the second romance have passed and when life settles down to a steady, humdrum existence marked by those disagreements and disputes that are the lot of humankind?

Tradition insists that the man who marries a widow hears nothing but the good qualities of her first husband. And if she be merely a law-widow, parted from her husband not by the grave but by a court's decree? "You were glad enough to leave him," may be a pointed retort, but it will not end the discussion. And even if her conversation does not dwell upon him, may not her thoughts?

In the end the question resolves itself into the age-old debate as to the nature of marriage, a debate that is still as acrimonious as ever, and the end of which will never be reached. Is marriage a sacrament or is it a civil contract? In the latter case—and the twentieth century seems at the moment inclined to adopt this point of view—the law can end a tie the law has effected. But if the former is true, a bond has been created over which the highest court can wield no more control than it can over the sun and the wind and the eternal sea.

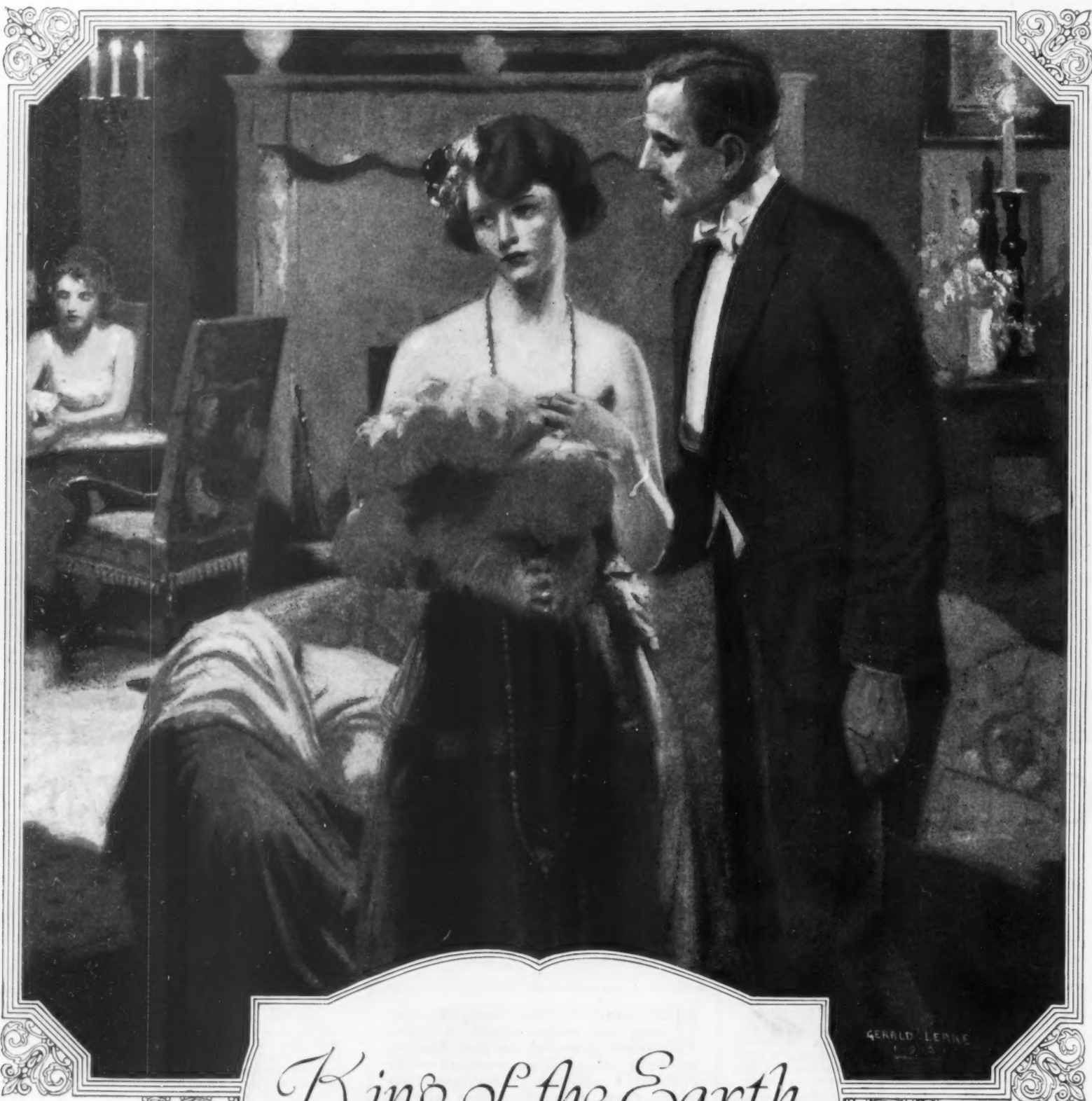
THE man of modern times who exercised the most power—exercised it most ruthlessly and selfishly—was Napoleon. At one time Napoleon was supreme in Europe; no one dared oppose him except Great Britain, secure behind the wooden wall of her fleet. One would think that if anyone could be beyond the reach of ordinary ties, of sentiments and emotions common to the great mass of mankind, it would be that conqueror, who was ready and who did bathe Christendom in blood to attain his ends.

At the end of the year 1809 Napoleon had reached the height of his glory. In December of that year he divorced Josephine, his first wife, and within four months married Marie Louise, archduchess of Austria. But did this marriage dissolve the bonds which had held him to Josephine for over thirteen years? It would have been natural had Napoleon avoided Josephine. The brutality with which he had cast her aside was condemned by public opinion everywhere. His first impulse must have been to banish her from his mind as completely as he had from his palace, hoping by obliterating all memory of her to forget his own disgrace.

But Napoleon, who had been able to defeat armies as rapidly as they could be mustered against him, was unequal to this task. He had gone through the formality of a divorce, but he could not separate Josephine from his life.

[Continued on page 30]

"If a man were king of the earth and offered you the whole world, you would hesitate"



King of the Earth

by May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY GERALD LEAKE

BEATRICE sat in the garden listening to Harrison, as, eloquently, he put his case. It was a good case. Her brain admitted so much, but her heart, as always, was indifferent. Harrison was saying: "I know I'm one of many all wanting you, Beatrice. I expect to be one of many—I expect you to be thinking like that of me. I've thought clearly, and I want to show you how clearly I have thought. Nothing else is any good with you—you with that reasoned brain of yours, and your wit, and cleverness; the ordinary ruling doesn't hold for you. You are an exceptional woman."

There was superabundance of scent in the air; the mingled fragrances of many flowers, and in especial, the roses that Beatrice cultivated profusely. The day was hot, and beyond the shadowed recess in the box hedge wherein the old stone seat was set, the sun burned with ardor. But the heat of the day, the intensity of the man, passed her by without melting in any wise the ice in her breast.

"If you married me," said Harrison, now touching but very lightly, one of her slight, pampered hands, "I should not dream of attempting to leave you anything but free, Beatrice. You're twenty-seven; for six years you've had your own fortune, lived your own life, done what you chose; and all your life you've been a beauty. And then, as I say, your cleverness, my dear . . . don't think that I should want, as a husband, to question the entire independence of your mind. Is that what you have been afraid of, Beatrice?"

She shook her head, smiling a little; for she knew, of course, Harrison's impotence to touch her mind, her brain, or her heart, but she was too little interested to tell him so.

"What is it you want to do with your life, Beatrice?" urged Harrison, watching her. "Surely you want to marry. All beautiful women must marry some time."

"I suppose so," she replied uncertainly. "It isn't," he said, touching her hand with a little more stress this time, "as if I were asking you to accept some ordinary domestic routine, such as you, you brilliant butterfly, would naturally revolt from. I realize something of what you instinctively demand; at least, I think I do." His tone fell into humility, pleading.

She nodded. "I could get an Embassy if it would interest you to live somewhere else—anywhere else," he said. "I have money. I have all a woman wants. And I shouldn't ever ask you to be bound by the ordinary rules for women."

"You wouldn't?" she repeated idly. "No. I would not!" he averred eagerly.

"I'll think, Philip."

"You've said that five times before."

"I may say it five times again—if you go on asking me."

"I shall go on asking you," he muttered.

BEATRICE smiled. She gazed out, perplexedly, over the lawns, and privet hedges, shrubberies and rose-gardens. The man watched her face, which was warm and pale at the same time; and he wondered over and over again, as he had wondered over and over again many times before: "What is the key that unlocks this casket?"

He tendered once more: "No ordinary rules apply to you, of course. All the men who know you know that—but I, if you would only believe me, realize it more than any. You are an exceptional woman."

She still looked out over the rose-gardens into the ardent sun. Her thoughts had grown into a dilettante habit. They rambled. And Philip saw that he was not within wirelesing distance of her soul. It remained in the unplumbed spaces where, as far as he was concerned, it had always been. He rose reluctantly.

"Good-by," he said. "I shall see you at Uplands."

"You're going?"

"Yes, Katie asked me—to meet you."

Beatrice smiled. "Katie means to see me married."

"Tell me," said Philip curiously, "does it amuse you—

all this?"

"No," she answered sorrowfully and truly. "I only wish I knew what to do."

He left her sitting on the stone seat, withdrawn into the massive darkness of the box hedge. At the turn of the path he paused, and looked back. She was not looking after him, but into the sunlight which poured toward her. Yet he walked on, vainly reasoning within himself that in the end he must get her. If a man offered prizes rich enough he must get her.

Beatrice came to Uplands on another warm autumn day, toward evening. She was the last guest of the houseparty—the last by several trains, and she motored from the station alone. The deep green park which lay about her for the last half-mile was quiet with the rich serenity to which life had accustomed her, and the sinking sun flared over gardens as splendid. In the hall as she went through on her way upstairs were several men, among them Philip Harrison. She

(Continued on page 141)



"The packet!" he panted, "—quick, 'r I'll break yeh head off yeh neck!"

Episode No. 6

MIKE CLINCH and his men "drove" Star Peak, and drew a blanket cover.

There was a new shanty a-top, plenty of signs of recent occupation everywhere: hot embers in which offal still smoldered, bottles odoriferous of claret dregs, and a culinary outfit, unwashed, as though Quintana and his men had departed in haste.

Far in the still valley below, Mike Clinch squatted, cocked rifle across his knees. The glare in his small, pale eyes waned and flared as distant sounds broke the forest silence, grew vague, died out—the fairy clatter of a falling leaf, the sudden scurry of a squirrel, a feathery rustle of swift wings in play or combat, the soft crash of a rotten bough sagging earthward to enrich the soil that grew it.

And, as Clinch squatted there, murderously intent, ever the fixed obsession burned in his fevered brain, stirring his thin lips to incessant muttering—a sort of soundless invocation, part chronicle, part prayer:

"O God A'mighty, in your big, swell mansion up there, all has went contrary with me sence you let that there damn millionaire, Harrod, come into this forest. . . . He went and built unto hisself an habitation, and he put up a wall of law all around me where I was earnin' a lawful livin' in Thy nice, clean wilderness. . . . And now comes this here Quintana and robs my girle. . . . I promised her mother I'd make a lady of her little Eve. . . . I loved my wife, O Lord. . . . Once she showed me a piece in the Bible—I ain't never found it sence—but it said: 'And the woman she fled into the wilderness where there was a place prepared for her of God.' That's what you wrote into your own Bible, O God! You can't go back on it. I seen it.

"And now I wanta ask: What place did you prepare for my Eve? What spot have you reference to? You didn't mean my 'Dump' did you? Why, Lord, that ain't no place for no lady. . . . And now Quintana has went and robbed me of what I'd saved up for Eve. . . . Does that go with Thee, O Lord? No, it don't. And it don't go with me, neither. I'm a-goin' to git Quintana. Then I'm a-goin' to git them two minks that robbed my girle—I am! Jake Klooon, he done it in cahoots with Earl Leverett; and Quintana set 'em on. And they gotta die, O Lord of Israel.

The Jewel Aflame

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

If You Don't Know Them—

The fascinating characters whose destinies unfold through the "Flaming Jewel" series

Mike Clinch, ex-guide, proprietor of a criminal dump in the Adirondacks, where he makes a living by law-breaking. Clinch has one ruling passion, his love for his step-daughter,

Eve Strayer, loveliest flower of the wilderness, whom he is bringing up to be a "lady." Clinch has put aside for her the wondrous "Flaming Jewel," world-famous gem, which he has stolen from

José Quintana, leader of a notorious gang of international thieves. Quintana originally stole the "Flaming Jewel" from the Princess Theodora of Esthonia—and a tip has brought him and his gang into the Adirondacks on Clinch's trail. Eve, deputized by Clinch to hide the "Jewel" in a booze-cache in the wilderness, was held up by Quintana but escaped. In his concern over Eve, Clinch kicked the packet under a table, and this was opportunity for

Earl Leverett and Jake Klooon, two of Quintana's confederates to make off with it. Leverett killed Klooon, but he has now in turn been taken prisoner by

Hal Smith, at Clinch's in disguise, and in reality James Darragh, a personal friend of the Princess Theodora.

State Trooper Stormont, who is keeping an eye on Clinch's for the government, is in love with Eve. By rescuing Eve from Quintana he has won the confidence of Clinch who has left him in charge while he and his gang are off after Quintana.

Them there Egyptians is about to hop the twig. . . . I ain't aimin' to be mean to nobody. I buy hootch of them that runs it. I eat mountain mutton in season and out. I trade with law-breakers, I do. But, Lord, I gotta get my girle outta here; and Harrod he walled me in with the chariots and spears of Egypt, till I nigh went wild. . . . And now comes Quintana, and here I be a-lyin' out to git him so's my girle can become a lady, same's them fine folks with all their butlers and automobiles and what-not—"

A far crash in the forest stilled his twitching lips and stiffened every iron muscle. As he lifted his rifle, Sid Hone came into the glade.

"Yahoo! Yahoo!" he called. "Where be you, Mike?"

Clinch slowly rose, grasping his rifle, his small, gray eyes ablaze. "Where's Quintana?" he demanded.

"Hain't you seen nobody?"

"No."

IN the intense silence, other sounds broke sharply in the sunset forest; Harvey Chase's halloo rang out from the rocks above; Blommers and the Hastings boys came, slouching through the ferns. Byron Hastings greeted Clinch with upflung gun: "Me and Jim heard a shot away out on Drowned Valley," he announced. "Was you out that way, Mike?"

"No."

One by one the men who had driven Star Peak lounged up in the red sunset light, gathering around Clinch and wiping the sweat from sun-reddened faces.

"Someone's in Drowned Valley," repeated Byron. "Them minks slid off'n Star in a hurry, I reckon, judgin' how they left their shanty. Phew! It stunk! They had French hootch, too."

"Mebby Leverett and Klooon told 'em we was fixin' to visit them," suggested Blommers.

"They didn't know," said Clinch.

"Where's Hal Smith," inquired Hone.

Clinch made no reply. Blommers silently gnawed a new quid from the remains of a sticky plug.

"Well," inquired Jim Hastings finally, "do we quit, Mike, or do we still-hunt in Drowned Valley?"

[Continued on page 18]

Has it ever occurred to you that the much-discussed clash between the generation entering its twenties and the next older one, only now in its early thirties, may take place between mother and daughter?

Inez Haynes Irwin, has completed, for McCall's, several brilliant short stories that lay bare this conflict as it develops between a fascinating widow of thirty-six, and her flapper daughter, whose whole life is as syncopated as the music she dances to.



Re-enter Mama

by Inez Haynes Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

She impulsively held out her hand, Mr. Lonigan daringly kissed it. Madge added

MARGOT is coming today! That phrase kept pulsing through Madge Delcevere's consciousness. It accommodated itself to any accidental recurrent rhythm of the neighborhood; the near tick of the clock, the distant chatter of a typewriter; the beat of a motor-cycle passing between. Or it made over and over again its simple declarative statement, without accompaniment of any kind.

Inside, the big high-studded rooms of the historic Delcevere house were at an exquisite apex of Mid-Victorian order. Outside, the early greenness of the grounds smote the vision with a delectable shock—trees, almost tailored in their forested sveltness; hedges almost carpentered in their trim precision; bushes, almost sculptured in their topiary formality; lawns almost planed in their velvety smoothness. The lilacs and syringas were gone, but the peonies studded one bank of green with the ragged moist vividness of their astonishing bulks. And the rose garden—the eye was dizzied, wandering over its carefully-premeditated riot. Robins sang; bees hummed; the fountain pattered. The day swam in interlaced odors.

Margot is coming today!

Six months? Madge's thoughts found the well-worn arithmetical groove into which they had slipped so many times lately. Margot's Christmas holiday visit to the Fishers; plus the long last school term; plus the second visit to the Fishers at the end of that term—Madge herself had spent that time in a sad vigil at Aunt Day's death-bed—they all added to six months. Six months would work many changes in a girl just turned seventeen. There—that motor was slowing down. Involuntarily she blanked her thoughts, watched and listened intently. No, it was stopping opposite at the Varicks—Ellen Varick was expecting poor Tom's motherless daughters today. Madge craned—it was only Dudley, the butcher, after all. Margot was motoring down from the city. She had said, "any time." For an instant Madge paused to wish that her daughter had been more explicit. "Any time" somehow always spelled a prolonged waiting.

Margot is coming today!

Her thoughts broke and melted, flowed in swift currents, leaped in high waves; but Margot was always the moon that governed their tides. Down the main avenue of her memory they coursed to that terrible day, nearly eighteen years ago—the month before Margot was born and nine months after their wedding—that Harry Delcevere had been brought home dead; traversed but more slowly the same route backward . . . the heartbroken, black first

year . . . the gray, bleak, listless interval that followed . . . that revivifying golden love of her baby . . . the sudden new thrilled interest when life turned to a rainbow. And the different stages of Margot . . . a little olive-colored baby . . . a slim shy little girl . . . a slimmer, shyer big girl . . . And then suddenly a creature—half-girl, half-woman—compact of gallantry and generosity; all electric impulses. . . . Oh if only somewhere in space were sealed chambers from which, for a day now and then, one could summon those loved lost Margots.

Margot is coming today!

A motor stopped across the way. Two girls emerged. Were they Tom's daughters? Oh poor Ellen! One, tall, slim, had a look in her handsome hawk face so composed that it was almost insolent. The other—what a display at the premeditated swirl of her skirt, clocked silken ankles, slim gleaming calves, rounded glistening knees . . . and something familiar in the spirited poise of the averted head. Under the cocked hat, a fleece of short hair. . . . And under her hair, such strange thin lines for eyebrows! Not like Tom Varick! Pretty though. But vulgar! You could actually scrape her complexion off. . . . Something familiar too in the voice, brittle but sweet . . .

"No, it's on the other side. I couldn't make him understand." The head, turned in her companion's direction, came about. It wasn't . . . it wasn't . . . Oh no, no, no, it couldn't be. But yes, it was . . . it was . . . Margot!

"Yes, yes, yes, mother, darling. Of course! Now don't kiss me again, old thing, for I want to introduce Eileen Long, who's my dearest friend in all the world. I've asked her to spend the summer with me. What rooms can we have? I want Leen's next to mine. Can Thomas bring up our bags at once? I think I'd like to powder my nose. How do you like my hair short? And see how nice my eyebrows are! Our trunks are in the car too. Did you ever see such a truck of a car? Mrs. Fisher said it was the only one that would carry all our things. Oh, how do you do, Thomas! Hullo Delia! Thank you . . . Yes."

If Madge Delcevere—her thoughts heaving into a chaos behind the ordered calmness of her words—reflected that Margot's nose would support no more powder, or that an unexpected guest for an entire summer might offer more than a second's consideration, she did not voice those reflections. Instead, she welcomed Miss Long, made swift choice of two communicating chambers on the same floor

and the same side of the house with hers; gave quiet orders to Thomas and to the maid who came at her ring.

She followed the girls and their luggage upstairs. Miss Long disappeared into her room behind a trunk, a big bag, a small bag, a tennis-racket in a rubber-bag and a press; a bag of golf sticks; a pair of beautiful umbrellas and a trio of walking-sticks strapped together. Margot opened her trunk at once; began to unpack the top tray, chattering incessantly. At intervals she called comments or questions to Miss Long. Her mother, finding no pause into which she could break, silently listened; silently helped. After a moment, she went into the bathroom; started the water in the tub, closed the door which separated Margot's room from Miss Long's.

"Margot," she said finally, a nervous lilt of determination in her gentle voice, "Who is this Miss Long? I think you've never mentioned her in your letters."

"Didn't I, old dear? Perhaps it's because I've only known her a little while. I met her at Christmas while I was at Nancy Fisher's, but we didn't get to be such awfully good friends till this last visit. I just want to run into Eileen's room for—"

"Just a moment, dear!" Have you met her mother? What does her father do? How old is she?"

"Why really, mother, I don't know what her father does. I never asked. They haven't much money, I fancy, for Leen never has any. In fact they must be very poor. Eileen would have had to stay in New York the entire summer if I hadn't asked her down here. She's twenty."

MADGE mentally added five years to her daughter's euphemistic twenty. She managed to steady her voice. "I think dear, I prefer to have you consult me before you invite anybody here again, especially for so long a time as all summer."

Margot laughed—then hugged her. "Oh mother," she remonstrated, "you'll have to cut out such formal old stuff as that, if you're going to be an up-to-date mother of an up-to-date daughter. The girls all invite anybody they please for home parties, and at any time. And if you don't ask the boys when you see them, they're snapped up by somebody else. Why I've just—"

She interrupted herself to say, "Excuse me a jiff, mother, till I've bathed!" When she returned, her face cleaned of cosmetics, her hair clinging to her forehead in little damp rings, she seemed to have returned to her own little girlhood, so shingly innocent, so sweet-smelling was she. As she stood in her kimono before the mirror, the sun caught full on the gold-dusted lashes so brilliant against the soft hazel



a contrite, "You didn't know what a naughty mother you had, did you, Margot?"

of her eyes, the gleaming teeth so snowy in the cream-olive of her skin, and the flying feathery fluffs of gold so vivid on the rippled duskiness of her hair. A creature of delicate irregularities of feature was Margot; a spirited vivacity of expression, a long faintly-budded slimness of figure. And yet that enamel of—was it hardness—that impatience cringing into irritation . . .

As Madge watched, her heart alternately leaping with pride and stilling into an unformulated dread, Margot opened the traveling-bag which lay on a chair, and with perfect composure began transferring a file of little bottles, boxes, jars, all exotically shaped and labelled, to her dressing-table. Madge watched her with a growing unease. Margot took up one of the bottles; unstopped it and—

"Margot, darling," her mother remonstrated with a careful gentleness, "I'm afraid I've got to forbid that. I don't approve of the use of cosmetics. You're too young—"

Margot laughed airily. "Mother, *darling*, how ridiculous! Everybody camouflages nowadays—all the girls at school, as soon as they get away from school. *Everybody*—"

"I don't—and most of the women of Blackwood don't. Of course there are some—"

"I mean everybody *young*. Of course it wouldn't be appropriate for *you*! But when it comes to Blackwood—well, mother *darling*, you wouldn't want me to pay any attention to what this duck of a little hick town says or does."

Her voice held a light upper note that coaxed. Beneath however was a lower note of determination, and as she spoke, Margot opened a bottle of white fluid; a box of powder; a box of rouge; placed beside it an eyebrow pencil and a lip-stick, adjusted a safety razor.

"I've got a very nice line for my eyebrows, don't you think?" she queried amicably. And, as her mother in a strange inward daze that inhibited speech, made no answer, "Aren't you going to change for dinner, mother? Oh please put on an evening-gown. You haven't one—oh, of course darling, I'll explain to Leen that on account of Aunt Day's death . . . And anyway, I suppose, when people are no longer young . . . Oh, mother, I forgot to tell you. I saved my allowances and bought two evening-gowns already made. I thought they'd do until we could plan my summer clothes. . . . And they were so cheap. Isn't this a darling, mother? They told me it was a model."

The gown Margot held up consisted of many hanging points of a cherry-colored tulle over a sleazy cherry-colored satin. Sleeveless, it hung from the shoulders by straps of cerise spangles. Model! As little of late as Madge had noted the fashions, she had seen the duplicate of Margot's

prize in the advertisements of every New York department store. The perception that experience, at least, dowered her with something which this superior poised young woman had not acquired, gave her a sudden firmness. There were many things to say and some of them were not pleasant. She began disarmingly.

"It's a pretty color, Margot. I have few clothes myself—but I expect to have rather a quiet summer, although Aunt Day expressly asked me not to go into mourning. But I thought I would get a big new car this year, and you and I would go about exploring the whole country together." She went on with the confidence that came from the pleasant scheme she was outlining. "And with a big new car, we could always invite some of our friends who get so few chances to go automobiling—Grandma Ames and Miss Hubbard, or old Major Hawley . . . or poor Tom Varick's daughters . . . they're expected home today."

This had all come on the rush of that pleasurable emotion. But at the expression on her daughter's face, her ardor dried. " . . . luncheon at the Club House . . . lots of pretty little tea-houses . . . dinner at the . . ."

"Oh, mother, dear, please don't get a big car. I don't particularly enjoy big parties. I tell you what I wish we could do. I wish I could have a little roadster of my own. You see, mother, the girls and boys I'm going to invite down here this summer won't care to go about with a lot of old people. . . . Yes, Eileen, I'm coming . . ."

AT dinner, Miss Long sat at Madge's right. Her gown was very different from Margot's; a cunning adjustment (black tulle over black satin) to the slim long lines of her figure; a girdle of jade-green velvet, a necklace of jade-green beads. Margot in her cherry-tulle and spangles—her budding figure giving the gown an unexpected quality—sat at her left. Madge in her quiet black and white foulard with the modest square of neck, surrounded by a big square of muslin collar, listened to their chatter. Miss Long's attitude to her was technically perfect; too technically perfect, Madge thought; she missed the affectionate camaraderie of the Blackwood girls. At intervals Miss Long addressed a remark to her; but that remark came too regularly to have the spontaneity of growing intimacy. (And Margot always cut into her mother's reply. Madge realized suddenly that her daughter had not permitted her to finish any remark uninterrupted.)

"This is a very interesting house!" Miss Long said once, and Madge felt in her tone a glow of real enthusiasm. "I suppose those funny old things in cases in the back library belonged to General Delcevere."

"Yes," Madge answered, "and they are kept exactly as the general left them."

"He was a handsome old thing," Miss Long went on, "judging from the portraits all over the house."

"The one sitting in the big chair is said to be the best," Madge informed her gravely. "He was considered a very handsome man. He was present at a ball at the French Court under the Second Empire, and all the newspaper accounts in Paris agreed that he was the handsomest man present. He—"

"Cut out the history, mother!" Margot adjured her good-naturedly. "Leen doesn't know an empire from an umpire." Both the girls laughed at this witticism. But Miss Long had the training—or instinct—to keep her eyes on her hostess, her head inclined at a deferential attitude.

Those eyes, Madge reflected even at that moment, were very beautiful; big-irised, deep blue eyes, made the deeper and the bluer by the thick, direct reach of her jetty lashes and the fine, salient arch of her jetty brows. The whole face, hawk-like on first impression, had nevertheless a kind of noble beauty. But it was marred by—no, not discontent; nothing so mild as discontent—a kind of devastation, as though every emotion behind the mask had been a hectic one. And yet—even with that look—she seemed at times no older than the twenty years Margot trustingly gave her.

"One day you must tell me all about those queer old things, Mrs. Delcevere," Miss Long said, "it would interest me very much."

"She'll have to do it pretty soon then," Margot struck in, "because I am—I'm going to ask mother to have all that truck put up in the garret—and that big upstairs hall all done over. We could make it into a perfectly lovely dance-hall. In fact, we ought to have the whole house done over by some stunning interior decorator, *n'est ce pas, maman?* I'm wild to refurnish the two parlors—lovely new painted furniture and chintzes to match it in place of those ancient lace curtains. We'll take down those funny old chandeliers with the hanging prisms and put darling little electric lamps everywhere. I haven't thought it all out yet, but I'll tell the world it'll have some pep when I finish with it."

A SINISTER emotion, sudden and violent, that Madge Delcevere recognized as alien to her psychology, made a rush toward speech. But she curbed it. "It sounds like a great many changes," she said, with a quiet that had a touch of grimness. "You must remember Margot that you are a very ignorant little girl. When you understand the historic significance of your great-grandfather's things, you may not want to treat them so lightly. They—"

"Oh I do understand that, mother dear," Margot declared airily. "But can't they be just as significant in the attic? Keeping family relics about makes a house too like a museum. Now I'd like my room to be green and gold—to match the color of my eyes and the light shade in my hair. I want the doors and window-frames and the wainscoting, every speck of woodwork, to be done in gold and—there! There's the phone." She paused, electric with anticipation. "That's Hal, I bet, Leen!"

She fluttered up from her chair a living blush; an embodied sparkle.

"Sit down, Margot!" her mother said quietly. "Thomas will answer the telephone!"

But, "Can't, old dear," Margot was replying gaily, "this is a special friend."

"Answer the telephone, Thomas!" Madge ordered crisply. The telephone was in the hall. At Thomas's "A gentleman for Miss Delcevere," Margot with a triumphant, "I told you so, Leen!" flew out of the room. Madge kept up a quiet conversation with Miss Long, but she heard every highly emphasized word that Margot's light, brittle voice dropped into the transmitter.

"Hello! Hello! . . . Yes, this is Miss Delcevere! . . . I'm fine, thank you. How are you? . . . That's good . . . Why, yes, of course. We're expecting you . . . Oh, she! She's the *greatest* dear on earth. Of course it's all right . . . Certainly! Next Friday then. All right! I'll be at the station and probably with the new bus—you know, the one you advised me about. . . . Oh, sure, bring a trunk. All right! Nighty-night! Bye!"

MARGOT bustled back into the room, "Mother, old duck, I've invited a chap that I met in New York to visit us and he's coming next week, Friday. Do you suppose I could get that roadster before then?"

There was an instant of chilled silence. "Who is this gentleman?" Madge asked.

"Hal Lonigan?"

"Where did you meet him?"

Miss Long intercepted gracefully. "It was at my home, Mrs. Delcevere. Nancy Fisher and Margot were having tea with me. I've known him for a long time."

Madge transferred her next inquiry to Miss Long. She accompanied it with the friendliest of smiles. "What does he do?"

Miss Long hesitated perceptibly. "I really don't understand exactly, myself, Mrs. Delcevere. But I think it's something to do with the stock market."

"A broker?"

"I—really—I think—perhaps, but I really don't know."

Other questions rushed to Madge's lips, but somehow they implied a discourteous questioning of the quality of Miss Long's friend. By a great effort, she crushed them back. "If you will give me your friend's address, Margot, I will write him, reinforcing your invitation. But please don't invite any more men here without consulting me first."

"No, mother!" Margot presented the aspect of charming docility which always followed her gained point. "I knew you'd like Hal though—he's—"

"And suppose, after dinner," Madge's voice had grown supple and warm again. "You come to my room for a long talk. There are a lot of things—"

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WAS BYRON RIGHT?

Is Love of Man's Life a Thing Apart but Woman's Whole Existence?

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

The Man's View of the Question

As Debated by Percy Waxman

WOMEN don't like you to believe that they haven't room in their minds for two things at once. But it's true if one of the things happens to be love. It's like trying to keep a cat and a mouse in the same closet for more than sixty seconds. Women may be able to harbor thoughts of hats and uplift, babies and biology, ice-cream and radium at one and the same time. They may even have the capacity for simultaneously considering vacuum cleaners and voting, hygiene and high living, the cost of overhead and the price of underwear, but they certainly cannot think of love and anything else all at once.

Love in a woman's mind or heart or wherever she keeps it, completely blots out contemplation of anything else. They like you to believe they can detach themselves whenever they like. But in reality they can't. Only men can be "periodicals" where love is concerned. Byron was right when he said what he said about women and love, and if ever there lived a young man who was well up in his subject, it was George Gordon Byron. In their romantic and erotic aspect he saw women as clearly as if they lived in a goldfish bowl. Even Schopenhauer (his unsuccessful rival on one occasion) reluctantly admitted that when it came to women, his lordship was rather well-informed. Byron's knowledge was not second-hand either. He did not obtain his information from books. He was always pursuing his subject. He simply would not be eluded. He just had to know. Based on his many years of close observation, his lordship once in an unguarded moment tossed off a couplet about women that the sorority have been busy denying ever since it was written. But not, be it confessed, very convincingly. The immortal lines referred to are of course:

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence."

From the day Byron got that out of his system, women have hated him with an unholly hate for giving them away. They knew that no ordinary man would have the psychological perception to state anything so wise, and they resent Byron's revelation intensely. They feel that if he hadn't told tales, their work in making the stupid sex do their bidding would have been even easier. But fortunately for men, when women are in love they completely lose their perspective and become as helplessly attached to their subject as a limpet to a rock. No women can be in love and stay sane. Only men can do that. Women can't understand a man's being able to go about his ordinary business and attend to his amorous adventures at one and the same time, and it makes them mad to see some man having the time of his life whanging away at a golf ball or grinning around a bridge table, when by all the rules he ought to be moaning the hours away because he's in love. When a woman's in love she can't do anything but think about it. She lives it, eats it, dreams it, and acts as if she were in a trance. She glories in her comatose condition and resents the idea of her loved one's being able to enjoy three good meals a day, now that she has come into his life.

Next to oxygen, love, to women, is the most vital necessity of life. And they'll do anything short of murder to find it. They even go so far as to get thrills out of other people's love affairs if they don't happen to have any of their own. They can extract excitement from the romance of a housemaid or the seventh marriage of a movie actress. They can squeeze joy out of the love-recital of some loony girl who's an utter stranger. She may have just borrowed a lipstick in the lady's room at a restaurant and in returning it have "inadvertently" flashed a telltale solitaire. That's enough to set the works going, and in three seconds the engaged

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The Woman's View of the Question

As Debated by Janet Flanner

WHENEVER you come upon an age when men rush to the public prints to state that love is woman's whole existence, you have come upon an age of masculine alarm. Men never seem to feel the necessity for this statement until such time as woman appears to have forgotten the truth of it in her absorption in business, politics, arts, sciences and the what-not of successful accomplishment with which the male has always augmented his animal life.

During the fiscal year in which a New York newspaper runs, for weeks, a daily story about various women in the land who are earning \$20,000 per annum or more, a year in which Madame Curie, French wife and mother, comes to visit the country as the distinguished discoverer of radium, a year in which, according to one prominent manuscript broker, a little more than half of the American fiction is being written by American women, some men still quote Lord Byron. One fears that such quoters may have read nothing since Lord Byron's death.

Such men not only aver that love is woman's whole existence; but they add, of their own accord, that no woman can love and stay sane. The conclusion is, that woman's whole existence is insanity.

In a country like Great Britain, where the women outnumber the men, the inference would be that six and one-half out of every ten people you meet near Charing Cross are mad.

If you look at things calmly, you must see that our magnificent civilization has been built by man upon the theory that woman is his inferior. The theory was man's: woman was supposed to furnish the illustration. The belief that she was inferior may have been, originally (to come to terms with Freud), a suppressed desire on his part. Doubtless the male honestly hoped she was. The world, under his rule, was constantly trembling between construction and revolt. If man could persuade himself, and woman as well, of his superiority and her fitness to deal solely with the fragile emotions, this left him only the world to conquer. Woman he had already enslaved.

As a matter of fact, the Byronic couplet, "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'Tis woman's whole existence," has been true, so far as the women are concerned, nine centuries out of ten. Men, owing to their egotism, fists and strong passions, have kept woman almost uninterruptedly in a place where love (i.e. maternity and housekeeping) has been her whole life. The women during these periods have not said so, having no voice, but their husbands and fathers have spoken for them. Then Byron spoke for the men. The few ages where love—domestic or otherwise—failed to describe the female compass, have been golden ages in the history of the world.

Such ages have been permitted to exist owing to the presence in such decades of large numbers of men of high perceptions, and there have been three or four such ages in the last seven thousand years.

In the paleolithic age—now a phrase of parlor dimensions since H. G. Wells' "The Outline of History"—women should have been even then preparing themselves against Byron's couplet, to be printed some eight thousand years later, if they were to escape the scorn of a later world which would dub them merely lovers. They should have started out at once as fighters, hunters and tribal heads along with their men. At the end of thousands of years of equal rights and opportunities, or possibly of matriarchy, a poet, even, would have lacked the inspiration to say erotics described their fullest life.

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PART IV

I

TO tomorrow's morning-star of the screen, Linda Lee!"

Thus Lynn Summerlad, mildly exalted, graceful and gracious even beyond his studied habit, flourishing a glass of champagne above the dinner table in his Beverly Hills bungalow.

The toast went by acclamation, and Lucinda laughed, at once pleased, elated, and disposed to deprecate premature felicitations. It all seemed rather ridiculous; on the other hand, it was undeniably pleasant to think of oneself as a sort of Sleeping Beauty of the cinema, only waiting to be awakened to vivid life by one wave of the witching wand of endeavor. One had but to listen to the gossip of Lontaine and Summerlad to appreciate that stranger things had happened in the history of motion-pictures.

One of the greatest of the producing organizations, whose studios covered whole blocks of the heart of Hollywood, had had its beginnings in a half-coherent story photographed in a vacant lot under a big sun-umbrella. Another had been first financed from the mean savings of a worker in furs on the lower East Side of New York. Men whose abilities had failed to command steady employment at fifty dollars a week in the legitimate theatrical business were drawing a daily wage of five hundred dollars as directors of motion pictures. The one-time pantomime comedian of a knockabout vaudeville act had made himself a multimillionaire through clowning before a camera. Young men whose dramatic equipment was limited to the knowledge of how to show their teeth and slick their hair, young women who had walked into favor on the strength of their beauty alone, were selling their services to the cinema under contracts running for terms of years at five thousand dollars a week.

"Why, take my case," Summerlad offered in an expansive moment: "I'd never earned a dollar in my life. Didn't have to, folks had a little money. Six years ago my little sister caught a bad cold and the doctor said California. Mother and I brought her out and rented a bungalow up back of the Hollywood Hotel. One day I was wandering about when I saw a carload of movie people stop in front of a house with good-looking grounds. I stopped, too. Quite a little crowd collected while they were getting ready to 'shoot' the scene. Presently a little

fellow in riding breeches came weaving through the crowd as if looking for somebody. When he saw me, he stopped and said: 'You'll do. Got a dress suit?' I laughed and said I had.

"He asked my name and address. I gave 'em to him, and he said: 'Be at the studio tomorrow morning at eight-thirty, made up. We'll need you about three days. Five a day.' I went home and told my mother and sister about it as a joke. They egged me on to try it for the fun of it. Within

The Coast of Cockaigne

A Novel of Life in Hollywood Motion Picture Studios

By Louis Joseph Vance

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

What Can a Woman Do—

TO fill her life, when love has been torn from her heart, leaving it desolate? Lucinda Druce, young, wealthy, beautiful, asked herself this question when she left her fashionable New York home on the night when her patience had finally broken under the strain of her husband's constant dissipation.

Her rather aimless wandering, in the hope of eluding possible pursuit on the part of Bellamy Druce, led her to Chicago, whither her husband followed her, to plead in vain for a reconciliation. A suave stranger extricated her from the scene which Bellamy's pleadings precipitated there; and later, when she was once more fleeing Westward, with no particular idea of her destination, the same stranger took his place at her table in the diner. Civility compelled an exchange of names; but his—Lynn Summerlad—meant nothing to her at the time. Still later, however, when another chance train-meeting had brought her into contact with an old school friend, Fanny Lontaine, and her English husband, Lucinda learned that Summerlad was a star in the moving-picture world—where Lontaine seemed to have vague interests.

Summerlad and the Lontaines joined in persuading Lucinda to continue her journey with them to the Coast. She had once, for a lark, allowed herself to be photographed by a moving-picture camera, and the result had shown her that she "screened" well. Lontaine and Summerlad promised her a brilliant future in pictures. Los Angeles and Hollywood added their spell, upon the arrival of the little party. Lucinda realized that the handsome young film star was casting over her mind a by no means negligible spell. Once more she yielded. Under Lontaine's urging, she promised to form her own company with him as her manager. Henceforth she would hide her own identity and seek fame on the screen as "Linda Lee." Continue the story from this point.

"To tomorrow's morning-star of the screen, Linda Lee!" . . . The toast went by acclamation, and Lucinda laughed

two months I was on the payroll at a hundred a week, and now . . ." Summerlad flashed an apologetic smile. "Outside the Big Four—Mary and Doug and Charlie and Bill Hart—there's mighty few that drag down as much green money a week as I do. . . . You wouldn't guess who that director was (assistant, he was then): Barry Nolan!"

The name was apparently familiar to Lontaine, for he exclaimed: "You don't mean it!" as if no more exciting information had come to his ears in many days.

"The man I've got in mind to direct you in your first picture, Miss Lee; that is, if Mr. Lontaine will listen to my advice and if you can get hold of Barry. You couldn't get a better man. Even Griffith takes a back seat when Barry Nolan picks up the megaphone. Lord! how he worked to break me in."

Summerlad sighed, reminiscent. "Them was the happy days. We worked hard for little money, but we had a good time and a healthy one, working in the open air practically all day long, either on location or on open stages under diffusers. You see, in those days we had to depend on the sun to light our interior sets, and direct exposure meant hard contrasts of light and shadow that didn't look natural. So we stretched great sheets of thin cloth on wire frames

overhead, and they broke up the sun's rays and diffused an even glow all over the sets. But that restricted us to overhead lighting, and that was unnatural, too, because ordinary rooms aren't lighted from the ceiling. And my! but it used to be cosy, working under diffusers on a summer day."

"But if you depended on the sun so exclusively," Fanny wanted to know, "what did you do in the rainy season?"

"Loafed, that's all; just loafed. That was the other reason why artificial lighting had to come; it was too expensive to carry studio overhead costs, with all production at a standstill during a rainy season that might last five months; or a heavy production payroll when frequently the rain would stop all camera work for five days on end, and you never could count on two clear days in succession. So, one after another, the big studios began to build enclosed stages and work more and more by Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts, till at last—well, today the open stage is almost a thing of the past,

and acting for the camera isn't the good fun it used to be—kenned all day long on a sweltering stage, and the lights getting your eyes the way they do. . . . Funny to think—isn't it?—that the California studios are using artificial light almost exclusively, when what brought them out here was constant sunlight that didn't cost anything for seven or nine months out of each year."

"But if there is no longer any real reason, why do producers stop on here?"

"Because they took root in Los Angeles in the early days, before people had forgotten that principles of common economy might be applied to the business of making pictures, and what took root grew, till today there are hundreds of millions invested in picture plants here. Also because all the picture people have dug in around the plants. You can cast almost any picture perfectly in a few days here, whereas any place else, except possibly New York, it would take weeks to locate your people and bring them together, and there'd be heavy transportation expenses into the bargain."

Lontaine interposed a question of a technical nature, and as Summerlad answered him, Lucinda's attention wandered; she began to think more about the speaker than about what he was saying. Undeniably a most satisfying creature, at least to look at. Though his words were all for Lontaine, Summerlad's consciousness was constant to Lucinda, his quick eyes were forever seeking hers. Hard hit and making no secret of it.

Not that it mattered, more than for the good it did one's self-content to be respectfully, if openly, adored. This at least proved one's charms not yet *passé*. Reassurance for which Lucinda was disproportionately grateful; and gratitude is commonly the most demoralizing of vices.

Summerlad was making good progress tonight. Lucinda inclined to approve the style in which he maintained himself, a style governed by a good sense of proportion and in keeping with his pretensions. The bungalow, secluded in wide and well-kept grounds, might have served as the warm-weather retreat of a Grand Duke. The dinner had been well cooked and served by a deft Japanese.

By merely turning her head, Lucinda could look out through an open casement to a lawn where moonlight slept between mysterious, dense purple shapes of shadow. The breath of the night was bland and fragrant. In Chicago the thermometer had shivered in the neighborhood of zero; New York, according to telegraphic news, was digging out from under a snowfall second only to that of its legendary blizzard.

"I want to purr," Lucinda confessed to Summerlad.

"You're beginning to feel the spell of California."

"I told you that this afternoon. Tonight completes its work: I am enslaved."

"I must make the most of these moments, then. Presently we'll both be busy—you in especial, far too much so to give me many evenings like this."

"I'm not at all afraid of being doomed to loneliness because of any lack of enterprise of yours."

"If I'm not mistaken, that's a dare."

"It's as you care to take it."

Summerlad met with a smile the smiling challenge of her eyes. They understood each other perfectly.

When presently Lucinda decided it was time to return to the Alexandria, Summerlad insisted on driving them home himself. In sequel he swung the car sharply off the main-traveled boulevard, as they drew near to Hollywood, and took an up-grade into the foothills, climbing a road that wound snakily up precipitous mountain sides, threaded unholy gulches, or struck boldly across spine-like ridges from which the ground, clothed in chaparral, fell dizzily away on either hand into black wells of silence. In the course of half an hour the car halted on an isolated peak, and all the lowlands lay beneath, unfolded like a map from the foothills to the sea, a land like a violet pool with a myriad winking facets of blue-white light; as some vast store of diamonds might be strewn by hands of heedless prodigality upon a field of violet velvet.

"The kingdoms of the world you've come to conquer, Miss Lee!"

"I shan't say 'Get thee behind me!'" Lucinda retorted. "I've a notion you're safer where I can keep an eye on you."

She fell asleep that night to dream of coursing a will-o'-the-wisp along endless boulevards of a land whose painted illusion failed and faded as she fled, till in the end there was no more beauty, no more hope, but only the bare grin of deserts savage and implacable.

She started awake with her husband's name trembling on her lips.

II

THE room occupied by the Lontaines in the Alexandria adjoined Lucinda's, and while she was lazing over breakfast Fanny tapped on the communicating door and drifted in with an airy nonchalance oddly at war with a problematic shadow that lurked at the back of her eyes.

"My amiable first husband," she announced, "has commissioned me to arrange for an audience at your convenience."

"As soon as you like. I've been thinking, if we're really going through with this lunatic adventure, the less time we lose the better."

"If! Does that mean you want to reconsider?"

"No, dear; merely that I've been wondering if it's quite wise of your husband to risk much on my chances of making good as a movie star."

Fanny achieved a ladylike snort of derision.

"Never worry about what Harry risks! Besides, I won't for an instant admit there's any chance of failure, as far as you're concerned, Cindy. But I am counting on your common sense to hold Harry down to earth."

"How do you mean, dear?"

"Oh, it isn't that I question his grasp of business conditions and fundamentals. But he's got such an active mind, he finds it hard to let well enough alone. Let him run wild and by nightfall he'll have the motion-picture business of the United States pooled under one Napoleonic directing head—whose identity I leave you to surmise—and all on the basis of his undertaking to direct the film destinies of Linda Lee. Now, this morning, Harry has waked up with his poor dear head more than usually addled with gorgeous ideas, and he says he wants to consult you. What he really wants is your unconditional consent to everything he has to propose. That's what Harry calls 'talking business.' So do be wise as well as kind with him."

Considered in the light of this semi-serious warning, the suggestions that Lontaine had to offer seemed almost disappointingly conservative. Uncommonly grave and intent, in the most businesslike fashion he went at once to the heart of the scheme.

"I've been thinking it over all night, Mrs. Druce; and it seems to me you ought to know more specifically what you're letting yourself in for, before I ask you to pledge yourself."



Released at length, she turned away a little dazed and breathless, to find that during the scene of the kiss passengers had slipped up on the group, and one of its passengers

"That sounds suspiciously like preparation for letting me down easily."

"Please don't think that. I was never more enthusiastic, more sure of anything than I am of your success. But it's going to mean hard work for both of us, and there may be setbacks we ought to be prepared against."

"I shan't mind hard work," Lucinda assured him. "In fact, I can't think of anything that I'd find more agreeable than the consciousness of trying to do something worth while. As for disappointments, I don't expect much, so I can't be very hard hit if everything doesn't turn out happily."

"If that spirit won't win for us, nothing will. . . . Our first step, naturally, will be to incorporate. And since our corporate name will serve as a trade-mark, I venture to suggest 'Linda Lee Pictures, Inc.'"

"One name is as good as another, don't you think?"

"Good. Call that settled. Now as to finances. I'm all for a small capitalization, just enough to give us working capital with a fair margin. My study of American studio conditions has satisfied me that production costs this side are normally excessive. Of course, allowance must be made for exaggeration; most producers multiply several times each dollar actually laid out in making a picture and broadcast the result as if dollars made pictures and not brains. But I happen to know the average cost of a well-made picture today is between eighty and a hundred and twenty thousand—too much by half. In a small organization such as ours, overhead charges will be cut to the bone. We can make as good pictures as anybody at an average cost of not more than fifty thousand dollars, pictures whose gross earnings, the first year, should be not less than two hundred and fifty thousand. Of that the producer will get in round figures, a hundred and sixty-five thousand. We ought to make not less than four productions a year, which will mean at least four hundred and fifty thousand clear profit to split up between the star, the executive and the capitalists."

"It sounds like a fairy tale."

"It is a fairy tale come true in real life. Now we're going to go at this thing in an intelligent way: Pick a good staff, select our stories with care, get the best men to write our

scenarios, gather round us a group of actors like those who have made the Continental cinema what it is today, more interested in their work than in themselves, and prove that cinema production can be an art as well as a money-grubbing scheme."

"Bravo! bravo!" Fanny interjected mischievously. "Hark to the dear man! Now if only he'll perform one-half as bravely as he promises—!"

Lontaine flushed a little but paid no other heed.

"To get back to the question of capitalization. . . . Arbitrarily setting fifty thousand as the production cost, we'll want at least a hundred and fifty thousand to begin with."

"But surely we won't need a hundred thousand margin for safety?"

"Not for safety—for economy. When we've finished our first picture, it will be a matter of six months before it can be exhibited and begin to pay back its cost. Meantime, we can't afford either to disband our company or hold it together in idleness. We ought to start our second picture the day after we finish the first. And allowing three months to each picture, we should have our second and third ready by the time the first is released. Do you follow me, Mrs. Druce?"

"Perfectly. And I think you're quite right. You said yesterday you had several men ready to supply you with the necessary capital?"

"In half an hour I can find half a dozen who would be glad of the chance," Lontaine replied without a quiver. "The question is: Do we want to take them in? Is it good business? I mean to say, with profits of approximately half a million a year in sight, do we care to see the third share that would ordinarily go to capital diverted into the pockets of people who have no interest in our business except as a source of revenue?"

"Can we avoid that?"

"Easily. If you cared to take the risk, back yourself, you would receive two-thirds of the profits instead of the one to which you'd be entitled as the star. And no outsider would have anything to say about our conduct of our own business."



a party of uninvited onlookers had been added to their professional audience. A motor car with two had alighted and drawn near to watch. This was Bellamy

"I don't think I care about that," Lucinda observed thoughtfully. "But it does appeal to me, the idea that if I use my own money nobody but myself can suffer."

"Then—you will find the capital yourself, Mrs. Druce?"

"I think I can manage it without too much trouble."

In spite of himself, Lontaine sighed quietly and relaxed.

"Need there be any trouble?"

"I'm only wondering what Harford Willis will say."

Lucinda laughed. She could imagine the expression of horror that would overspread the carved countenance of the gentleman of the old-school when he learned that his goddaughter meant to add the unpardonable solecism of play-acting to the heinous but after all fashionable estate of divorcee.

"An old friend of my father's who looks after my personal estate," she explained to Lontaine's echo of the name.

"Must he know what you mean to do?"

"I'm afraid so—about the money we'll need, at least."

I don't believe I've got a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on deposit altogether."

"Surely you can find some excuse to fob him off with, Mrs. Druce."

"I'll think it over. At all events, whether he likes it or not, we'll do as we've planned. To get started with, I'm sure I can put something over fifty thousand at your command. But my checks will be signed Lucinda Druce, of course, and I don't like to risk exposure of my incognito as Linda Lee. I don't want Bellamy to find out where I am—and I don't want anybody else to know unless I make good."

"Nothing to fret about in that," Lontaine assured her. "Just make your checks payable to me. I'll open an account with a local bank in my name first, and transfer it to the account of Linda Lee Pictures as soon as we incorporate."

III

LUCINDA at about this time began to know intimations of a psychic phenomenon for which she could find no better definition than that of multiple personality. Figuring her soul in the likeness of a ship at sea, her sensations much resembled those which might conceivably

animate a passenger watching half a dozen captains who were everlastingly elbowing one another aside and taking command and steering each a quite new course of individual preference. The most puzzling thing about it all lay in the fact that the one true captain seemed to be all the while standing aside and observing with considerable interest, not a little wonder and some alarm, the antics of this odd crew of usurpers, who were so many and so various that they defied cataloging; though a few by virtue of pronounced idiosyncrasy came to be recognized familiars.

There was, for example, Linda Lee, the rather excited and ambitious young thing, forever flying hither and yon in motor-cars, making curious acquaintances by the score, simulating an intelligent interest in legal matters, comparative merits of studio accommodations, cost of equipment salaries of employees—all those questions upon which Lontaine did her the honor of consulting her, knowing quite well that she would faithfully endorse any action he might recommend. The first function of Miss Lee's office in the scheme was apparently that of drawing checks. She led a busy life.

Another was a rare, shy visitant who held dominion only in the dead hours of those nights when Lucinda lay wakeful, feeling lost without that which for so long had seemed an essential part of life, Bel's love and the dearness of him. But when morning came, this one had always retreated to the outermost bounds of memory, where she lingered, looking back a little wistfully, a timid wraith, evanescent as the souvenir of some caress long perished.

Lamentably there was a Lucinda who did not scruple to resort to the shabbiest shifts to compass her ends; who without one qualm of conscience wrote Harford Willis that, having decided to delay proceeding to Reno, she had become infatuated with Southern California, thought seriously of making it her future home and would be glad if he would turn certain investments into cash, against the contingency of her deciding to purchase some princely property.

Last of all the major company of these lately apprehended Lucindas was the woman emotionally malcontent, newly fallen out of love but none the less still in love with love, who with eyes now amused, now indulgent, now

shocked or startled, saw herself slowly but surely weakening to the wooing of Lynn Summerlad.

When she came to look back on those days, Lucinda saw herself always on the go with the Lontaines and Summerlad in his lurid motor car, pelting headlong for some league-distant playground, going out of an evening to dine and dance at some local restaurant, or braving the bill-of-fare at one of the sumptuous cinemas.

In the course of that first month Lucinda sat through more photoplays than she had ever seen before, determined to read their riddle and learn what Summerlad and Lontaine were talking about when they argued in the jargon of the studios. But the audiences that thronged those thundering temples of the silent drama intrigued her most of all, audiences like the street crowds from which they were drawn, so dense and constant that one was tempted to believe the people of Los Angeles never went home except to sleep.

The great body of these seemed to be sober-minded souls in steady circumstances; a bourgeoisie self-dedicated to an existence as uninteresting and useful as a cow's. Summerlad cursed it with a local aphorism to the sense that Los Angeles was governed by small-town people who had come to California with one lung and one dollar each and a grim determination to hang onto both to the bitter end.

Infiltrating this primary element was one alien to it altogether, but comprehending figures that might have served for a pageant of North American history, figures many of them like old wood-cuts brought to life: red Indians, Down-East Yankees, Mexicans, gaunt hillsmen from Kentucky and Tennessee, towering Texans, ranchmen from the plains, and folk in whose eyes abode the brooding abstraction of the deserts; in the main ill-clothed, uncouth of gesture, hiding behind apathetic masks a certain awe of city wonders.

And then, like spume wind-torn from the crests of sullen seas, glittering with rainbow iridescence, a froth of creatures money-drunk and amusement-mad, drones lured to California by its fabled winter climate, and an earth-born army audaciously experimenting with wings bestowed by the idle miracles of the cinema.

Against these pictures Lucinda set one on every hand repeated in the radiating suburbs: street after street of broad-eaved white bungalows, to each its plot of green, to each its vines, its flower-beds, its stripling orange trees, and each and every one silent and seemingly lifeless, cowering in the day-long glare of that vast and empty vault of blue, like a city of doll-houses which the children had outgrown.

IV

WEEKS slipped stealthily away, the rainy season waned, a spring ensued like an eastern summer, while delays on delays accumulated, and still the day when "shooting" should begin lingered remotely down tomorrow's dim horizon.

Lontaine had leased space in the Zinn plant, recommended as the most modern and complete on the Coast, for which the company was paying a weekly rental of fifteen hundred dollars. An expensive executive and technical staff, lacking only a director, was kicking heels of enforced idleness on full pay. A story had been selected, a novel to which Zinn had in 1914 purchased all motion-picture rights for five hundred dollars and which he was now willing to part with for ten thousand because he had taken such a mad fancy to Lontaine.

A scenario writer, warranted by Zinn "the best in the business," had received five thousand for casting the story into "continuity" form, the labor of one whole week, and retired rejoicing to his hundred and fifty a week job in the Zinn scenario department. A reading of his brain-child had persuaded Lucinda that continuity writing must be the mystery its adepts alleged; and what little of it she did understand somewhat preyed upon her mind. But Lontaine seemed content, Summerlad solaced her misgivings with the assurance that Barry Nolan would know what to do to make it right when he got down to work on it.

Incidentally, he did: Nolan read it half through, thoughtfully shied the manuscript out of a window, and dictated a continuity all his own, of which nobody but himself could make head or tail, and which at times in the course of its production seemed to perplex even its perpetrator. But this Nolan was a resourceful lad and never hesitated to revise himself when at a loss. "That's out," he would say to his assistant. "We'll cover up the break with a subtitle. C'mon, let's shoot this close-up;" or it might be: "Got another angle on that now. Instead of that scene where she casts him out of her life forever, I'm going to stick in some business Leslie Carter used to do in the last act of 'Zaza.' Get round to that later. What's next?"

While negotiations for his services (at fifty per centum more salary than he had ever received before) were in progress, Nolan confidently expected to be free in two weeks. Two months after signing his contract he notified Lontaine that he was running up to San Francisco for a few days' rest but would positively be back "on the lot," ready to go to work, in another week.

In the meantime the Lontaines had moved to a furnished bungalow, Lucinda to the Hollywood Hotel, where, Summerlad assured her, at one stage or another of their careers almost every motion-picture person of consequence in the country must have registered. Stars of the legitimate stage brought on from New York to play in a single picture, lesser lights coming West at their own risk to solicit a "try out;" playwrights and novelists with reputations in two continents fatuously assuming that imagination, intelligence and honest workmanship had a dog's chance in the studios; directors enjoying their favorite pastime of hopping from Coast to Coast with everything paid; overlords of the cinema visiting the West Coast to look after their own or their rivals' fences and filch actors and directors from one another: these came and went by every transcontinental train. Remained an element of incurable addicts, with another, hardly less habitué but humbler, maintaining precarious residence on meager means, on remittances from home or God knew how (and, knowing, wept), hanging on desperately to hope of happier tomorrows, when they too would have their own cars call to take them to their daily toil, instead of trudging or trolleying from studio to studio in pursuit of one elusive day's work as an extra: a class largely feminine and insistently youthful.

A friendly lot, indomitably cheerful and brisk: if sheer joy in living didn't keep their eyes bright, belladonna did; their hand-painted smiles were unfailing; their slender, silken legs twinkled a vivacious by-play on veranda steps and in public rooms. The most glacial reserve must have melted to the warmth of their gaily casual overtures. Miss Linda Lee had not been twenty-four hours a sister-guest before all these young things knew an astonishing lot about her that wasn't so, and a deal that was, all summing up to this: that Lucinda was in a position to utter words of power

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KING OF THE EARTH

[Continued from page 6]



just nodded and passed on, not feeling in the mood to pause for talk. All her life she had been able to indulge her moods; other people had indulged them too, so that her every whim had been fulfilled to satiety.

Among the men, beside Philip, were Lord Bredham, and a millionaire yachtsman, and an agreeable cosmopolite with a princely title and a European reputation. These men she knew; and she knew why they were gathered together in Katie's beautiful country house. A lodestar had drawn them; and the lodestar was Beatrice the capricious, the arrogant—careless and alluring Beatrice to whom each man offered his prizes.

Katie had given her the best bedroom even in that house of luxury, the white room with a little balcony all its own, looking over the most brightly blazing part of the blazing autumn gardens. The only color inside was from a bouquet of Shirley poppies in a white jar on a white window-sill. The room was at the same time capricious and cold, like Beatrice herself.

SHE sank into a chair by the open windows, and waited in the oncoming twilight for her maid.

But first came her sister Katie, eager as always about Beatrice's affairs. Katie was a large woman of forty; bland yet enterprising. They were the only children of their parents, and the thirteen-year gap between them made Katie almost motherly.

"Well, my darling," she exclaimed, beginning at once her ruses, "how are you? Beautifuler than ever! . . . I just want to tell you at once who is here—and why."

Beatrice, without respect for Katie's coaxing impressivism, answered gaily: "I've seen them all. All you want to tell me about, anyway."

"Oh, dearest," said Katie coaxingly, sinking into another chair by the open window. "I should be so happy if you could only settle your affairs here and now. Philip you refused for the sixth time the other day; I made him tell me as soon as he arrived, and yet, my dear, he is just all a woman could want. Looks, good temper, breeding, money—he told me he'd take up simply any kind of life you wished. However, if it isn't to be Philip, why, there's Bredham. Now, why not Bredham? Not hundreds, but thousands, of women would marry Bredham if it were only for the heavenly house. One of the most beautiful old houses in England! But then, that isn't all, with Bredham. He's charming, considerate, kind, sound as a bell in wind and manners. Now, why not Bredham?"

"Well, why?" Beatrice answered. "Because, darling, you must marry some day."

As before, Beatrice replied: "Yes. Yes, I must. I certainly must."

"If not Bredham," Katie pursued, "there's Laleham. A man with a hobby makes a good husband, and such a pleasant hobby as yachting! I think Laleham's ideal. Yes? . . . No?"

"I don't know," cried Katie. "What do you want?"

"I don't know," said Beatrice. "Try," urged Katie, "to make a sort of little inventory of your wants, darling. I think it would help."

After a pause Beatrice replied rather helplessly: "I seem to want something I—I've never had."

"Well," said Katie, "a husband is that. If you want an exciting kind of husband, marry Prince Gerdi. His mother was French; his father Turkish; his education is English; his mind is cosmopolitan. Again: looks, money—and what a wonderful lover!"

KATIE looked out into the twilight that was dropping fast over the gardens. Her bland, eager eyes began distantly to dream.

"Katie," said her sister, "are you envying me my perplexities? You've found life humdrum?"

"No," said Katie, "no. I'm content. Perhaps I envy you your opportunities. But then they are for you, not for me. You are an exceptional woman."

"I seem to be," said Beatrice. Katie rose. "That's why you're so difficult. You demand exceptional things. But believe me, they all know it; they're eager to give you what you want. Besides, you must marry some day."

Beatrice stopped Katie at the door with a listless word. "Katie! Which shall I sit next tonight, at dinner?"

"Which you like."

"I don't like. I'm in that mood, Katie. I wish I could put them all in a row and look at them and try to make up my mind without bias."

"They shall be put as nearly in a row as a poor hostess can manage," said Katie, "and if that is your mood, dearest, you shall sit next someone who doesn't matter. For there are one or two outside people coming in besides those here."

Beatrice smoked a cigarette and watched her maid lay out a black frock as thick as a cobweb. It had a jade colored sash of tulle with a huge pouffe at one side; and with it she would wear her necklace of Chinese jade.

She would not have the windows closed nor the curtains drawn. The night was heavenly. Yet it was not heaven she wanted, but earth, deepest earth; and through the open window the smell of it came up—the garden lands wet with night dew.

BEATRICE came down a trifle late. Dinner had been announced, and people awaited her advent in the drawing-room, expectantly. Around Beatrice was always this atmosphere of expectancy: to see if she had changed her hair dressing; to see what she wore; to see what her mood was. She was accustomed to, and jaded by, these almost royal entries.

Philip, Bredham, Laleham, and the sallow-skinned Prince all wondered for a moment, as the girl came into the room, who was to take her in to dinner; but Katie, according to promise, disappointed them all. She knew Beatrice in her unpropitiatory moods, and her partner was appointed; the man who did not matter—a littlish man, no taller than Beatrice herself, but broad. He was all red and brown as to face, neck and hands; his hair and eyes also shared in the prevailing colors. In the few moments during dinner when she accorded him more than the most cursory attention, he impressed her somehow as extraordinarily wise; wise like the earth herself, and part of the broad earth.

Her eyes were taken mostly by Philip, Bredham, Laleham, and Gerdi, seated as Katie had promised down the opposite side of the table, in a row, intersected by women. She thought about them, while the brown man beside her talked adequately. He was mentioning his farm on the other side of the moor; the farm which he had inherited and to which he had returned after years of exile. She had a hazy impression of other farms he said he had had, in other continents; and of talk of mining; but she hardly listened, so intent was she on the four men across the table. She watched dispassionately how they ate and drank and talked, sure that their eyes would often wander to her. She thought herself biased in favor, perhaps, of Bredham, and so after dinner she let him beguile her away to the terrace.

As soon as Katie saw her sister and Bredham stray away, she urged the rest to bridge. She made up three bridge tables instantly. "They shall have the whole terrace to themselves," she said to herself.

Lord Bredham took Beatrice's arm in his hand a little tentatively as he walked beside her. He was a great match, and he could not help but know it; many beautiful women would have shared his title; and yet of this one cool, difficult girl he was afraid.

"Shall we walk or sit down?" he suggested, and she answered contrarily as usual: "Let's stand; let's stand here and look into that great pool of moonlight."

So they stood at one end of the terrace, leaning side by side over the stone balustrade that ran round the corners, and looked over into what truly was a great pool of moonlight below them, beyond the shadow of the great house.

He was a great match, and he could not help but know it. Many beautiful women would have shared his title; and yet of this one cool, difficult girl he was afraid

Bredham put his case. "It's so hard to know what you are thinking of, Beatrice. You demand so much of life, don't you? I think if a man were king of the earth and offered you the whole, you'd hesitate. Anyway, I offer you all I have and am. Don't speak for a moment; just listen, Beatrice. I wouldn't ask anything of you that you don't want to do, or give. I understand you're not in the usual rut of women. Just marriage, children, entertaining—that would be the direst routine to you. I don't expect you to be quite easy like other women. You'd want to travel, have change, be in the midst of movement. Art, I suppose. You're artistic, clever, an exceptional woman."

"Am I?" said Beatrice. And she felt vaguer than ever about herself.

"You are!" he affirmed admiringly. "You've led your set and your generation, Beatrice. You've a great brain. Things which would satisfy other women would never satisfy you. But believe me, I understand, and I love you so much that I'd ask no better way of spending my life than in making you happy."

Beatrice stared silently into the white pool spread before and beneath them.

"I do love you," he repeated, and would have taken her into his arms, but at the influx of passion she repelled him with a gesture.

"No," she said, "I don't know."

LIKE Philip, Bredham then asked: "But what do you mean to do with your life? You must marry."

"I know I must," said Beatrice somberly. "Will you think about me often?" he asked. "Think about me and imagine how happy we could be? We could honeymoon all round the world. You could do all you wish to do. I'd never hinder you. Will you—just think?"

"I'll think."

Bredham kissed her hand; then her arm up to the elbow, with rapid and hot kisses. He murmured again, "I love you!" When they reached again the long windows that opened on to the terrace, Laleham was standing on the threshold of one of them, smoking. Behind him shone the lighted room. "I've cut out," he explained. "Katie is playing." He stared poignantly at them both.

The unsatisfied devil that seemed to fill Beatrice prompted her. It lured her on to try Laleham, as she had tried Harrison and Bredham. And she said: "Lord Bredham and I have been looking at the moonlight over the lawns. Have you ever seen anything so lovely? I simply must go down and walk in it."

"Let me walk with you then," said Laleham, throwing away his cigarette.

She turned instantly from Bredham, and walked with Laleham down the many shallow steps of the terrace into the moonlight.

"You know," said Laleham, as soon as they were out of earshot of the other man, "I thought Katie was going to let me sit next you at dinner. Instead of that she hands you over to some man who's just asked in out of civility as a makeshift. But I can't get through the evening without speaking to you. You know what I want—I want you."

[Continued on page 33]



She had seated herself prettily on the edge of a chair and was regarding him with smiling lips. "You don't happen to have a cup of coffee about you, do you?" he asked

IT was eleven o'clock on a very hot night, the night of the 12th of July in this current year of 1921, to be exact. At the hour mentioned, when thousands of people were streaming from the doors of every theater in the downtown district of the city of Nickville, suddenly a little old dusty roadster shot crazily into one of the brilliantly lighted streets and took possession of it. Already a long line of cars crawled legally like slow moving caterpillars through this street. But the roadster honked imperatively and jiggered past each one of them with its cut-out wide open and smoking fiercely at the back end. Clouds of dust enveloped the crowds on the pavement and dimmed the brilliance of the arc lights overhead. Delicate ladies smacked handkerchiefs to their noses and gasped. Heads were thrust from real automobiles in anxious amazement. Traffic policemen yelled, waved their arms like flails and used language that curled sulphurously along with the smoke left in the wake of this little dusty bug with a motor in it, which now held the middle of the street and was making exceedingly free with it.

It is comparatively safe to blaspheme in the scripturally forbidden sense, because there is really no proof in this present world that you will be punished for it in the next one, but it is quite another thing to spray that part of the population of a city which is wearing its evening clothes with the unsanitary dust of its own streets.

Signals shrill and prolonged pierced the air as the roadster turned one corner and made for the next before the traffic cop there could prepare for battle. When all is said, no policeman is prepared for perfect and swift disregard of his authority. He expects the outlaw to hesitate, show guilt or some signs of fear. The driver of this roadster obviously had no conscience and no sense of fear. But he corresponded exactly to the worst outlaw conceivable by an alert

Don Quixote in a Flivver

by Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY G. PATRICK NELSON

prohibition imagination, or an Automobile Underwriter's Protective Association.

He was a young man with a long protruding jaw, and a small congenitally scornful nose. Nothing else gives such an air of insolence to the human nose as nature does when she turns it up in the beginning and encourages it to grow toward this angle of perfect contempt. Be it ever so small, such a nose is never humble. After no doubt countless ages of consideration the Irish countenance has been chosen for the site of this nose. It is a symbol of quality and temper, not pretty but invincible.—A fact which has recently cost the British Government some millions of pounds sterling.

THIS man, hunched low over the wheel, his face covered with yellow dust, only his eyes showing clean and clear blue in a fixed gaze ahead, was obviously of unmitigated Irish descent. With no conscious purpose, but merely by instinct, he conveyed the impression of being concerned only for the other person who sat beside him. This was an elderly man, more particularly, you might say, a gentleman, as distinct from mere man. He was also smudged with dust, but amusingly distinct, very visible. He was short, erect,

round-bodied. He wore a narrow-brimmed straw hat with a high crown, large, horn-rimmed glasses perched upon an elegant nose. The eyes behind these glasses were small, round and the color of April skies on a brilliantly clear morning. A beard cut after the manner of Horace Greeley's merely surrounded his chin and came up

narrowly to his ears like the strings of a short white bib. He had a mouth like a kind word of many syllables, as if he were accustomed to use profound language to express the simplest thoughts. It was a wide, thin-lipped, erudite mouth. Sometimes nature imparts to the countenance of an old man an expression of innocence. In this case it was a look of fine pink scholarly sweetness, as if wisdom of the gentler sort had been mull'd a long time in the mind behind this look. But now as the rickety roadster bumped and rattled over the rough stones of the street, the most noticeable thing about him, if in watching this outrageous transit anyone had the presence of mind to observe, was the absorbed way this little man held himself. He gave no thought to the gazing crowds, nor to the disturbance his driver was creating. He sat anxiously erect, as if the person of him was a very delicate vase now being conveyed to a place of safety.

"Can you beat that!" shouted a policeman, as with a raucous roar the roadster sketched past him, made a two-wheel turn around the corner and disappeared into one of the avenues leading to the residence section.

He addressed this question to some person in the crowd on the curb. The next moment, when the people streamed off this way and that, it was apparent that he had been speaking to a man singularly like every man, if you missed his eyes, which were like peep holes in an otherwise blank countenance. He was disguised in a fat body and a gray suit of clothes. And he stood on the pavement as if this pavement were his office and place of business.

"Why didn't you stop him?" he demanded of the policeman.

The latter made an impatient gesture. "You can catch a tiger or a thief, but you can't always stop a fool," he retorted. "You know that, Jewels, as well as I do. A fool's got the drop on you like a deaf man when he holds up traffic by walking leisurely across the street in spite of all you can say to him!"

"Well, I'll have that fellow before another hour," the other retorted, as he disappeared into the police call-box.

MEANWHILE the outlawed roadster was moving swiftly, far down the avenue where there was the fragrance of freshly sprinkled lawns and where the arc lights were further apart with long strips of cool black shadows between. As they approached one of these lights, the elder man lifted his wrist, stared at it and sighed.

"It is much more apparent," he said, implying that this was a bad symptom growing steadily worse.

The driver put on another spurt of speed. His companion leaned out and looked ahead. "We should be near the hospital now, if I remember correctly," he said.

"Ah, there it is," he exclaimed, as two tall towers loomed in a wide space at the top of a long hill.

"Drive to the right, Barney," he commanded eagerly.

Barney turned into the driveway and started up the hill with all the fury of noise he could make.

"Where is that revolver?" the other demanded, beginning to fidget.

"Under the seat, sir."

"Well, keep it there! Silly of Dempsey to give me the thing."

"A gun comes in handy sometimes, sir."

"Not for a man like me—it's thirty years since I thought of any force beyond the moral law. Where are those papers Dempsey gave me?"

"In the portfolio with your other papers, sir," Barney answered with the shadow of a grin.

"Well, I shall return them when we get back. Dempsey is a good officer, but a sheriff's ideas of friendship are lurid. I doubt if I should have humored him by accepting the—er—papers." Then he bethought himself of something else, more intimate and less caricaturing.

"The dictaphone, Barney," he exclaimed anxiously. "The roads have been very rough; are you sure you packed it carefully?"

"Yes, sir, got her strapped down on top of the tool box," the young man answered cheerfully.

They drew up with a last resounding roar before the door of the hospital. At the same moment this door swung wide, and Sister Vincent, the presiding night sister of St. Joseph's Hospital, appeared in it. The wide white wings of her cap flared in the darkness. She regarded the roadster and its two passengers with an experienced look, as much as to say nothing could surprise her. Still, she was on her guard. The hour was late, and she had nothing to correspond with this apparition on her night ledger.

THE little old man, still reared back in the car, holding himself gingerly, shot her a startled glance, as if he had this moment recalled her like a passage long forgotten from a very old and honorable book of religious phenomena, which was now to be mixed with his own experience.

Then he began to descend stiffly, getting out of the car backwards, which is the safest way if you are not feeling well. "Barney," he muttered, "I have my misgivings about that dictaphone! This is a sanctuary for bedridden bodies. I doubt if a man will be permitted to think here!"

The next moment the door of the hospital closed upon him, and he faced Sister Vincent, who was now regarding him authoritatively.

"Is this an emergency case?" she demanded.

"No, Sister. That is, I hope not. Leck is my name. Altemus Leck, of Stenson University."

"Dr. Grange's patient, yes," she interrupted, referring to her ledger. "You were expected earlier in the day."

He was about to explain why he had been delayed, having decided to make the trip by motor, when she turned to the orderly and said: "Take the patient to his room, number 229 on the second floor."

"Can you walk?" she asked, addressing Leck.

"Yes, Sister, I am not really ill, only—"

"No, he cannot walk," she said, referring once more to the ledger. "The doctor's instructions are that the patient is not to exert himself. Orderly, assist him to the elevator!"

He perceived that he had lost his identity. He was no longer the celebrated Professor Leck of Stenson University. He was simply "Doctor Grange's patient." He had not lost his legs however, and he was disposed to protest. But the back of Sister Vincent's white-winged head was already turned to him as she bent again over the ledger.

Therefore, when Barney entered a moment later bearing a battered handbag and the dictaphone carefully disguised in a box, he was astounded to behold his master encircled about the waist by the orderly's arm, being conducted slowly toward the elevator in spite of his efforts to walk with his usual quick pacing step. His bald head glistened a purplish pink, his short alpaca coat was wrinkled and rolled behind from being rubbed up in the car, giving him the appearance of a plump little old man-bird who had lost his distinguishing plumage. Barney glanced from this figure to the Sister who remained absorbed in her ledger. For an instant it rested upon her like a respectful but horrified question, then he withdrew noiselessly, bent upon nothing more nefarious than storing his car and finding a night's lodging in a strange city.

An hour later Professor Leck, very clean and pink-faced, lay on his bed in room number 229, on the second floor of St. Joseph's Hospital. He was sound asleep, his fine scholarly upper lip rose and fell with a puffing motion. A keen musical purr issued regularly from his elegant nose.

No one knows why, but when a man sleeps, his beard does not. It rises up and bristles and turneth itself awry. Likewise his hair refuses to lie down and take its rest. However old and white and thin, it stirs about and sits up around his head. Thus the professor's beard stood up like a stiff Elizabethan ruff. His hair vaunted itself, imparting a sort of innocent ferocity to his amiable countenance in the dim night-light.

He was very tired, he had been good a long time according to the best authorities on moral law. He was one of the most distinguished students of morals in the country. He was, and always had been

unmarried. He had no cares beyond the performance of his duties in the University. He had filled the chair of moral philosophy there for thirty years. He admitted the existence of sin, provided you conceded to him his right to define this term. But being removed by his scholarly pursuits from contact with the heinousness of human nature, he had long ceased to have any sins of his own.

He had no enemies, except Hobbs, Hegel and Huxley, whose philosophies he despised and combatted fiercely, sometimes losing his temper in the classroom. But his rages against them were the result of a purely ethical antagonism to their systems of thought. He was unconsciously frugal, because he had very few desires.

He had indulged himself in only one extravagance during these many years. This was really a necessity. He purchased a dictaphone, because in the dead hours of the night he was frequently awakened by the arrival of an idea or a winged sentence which would clinch the argument he meant to make in his lecture, say, against the pursuit of pleasure as the object of life. He was accustomed on such occasions to sit up on the side of his bed, seize the receiver of this dictaphone, place one bare foot on the control peddle and deliver himself with more force and clarity than would be possible the next morning when the negative of his thought had become blurred by sleep. This was important when you consider how clouded the language of moral philosophy is.

He was greatly beloved in the little University village.

Coming!

"THE DIZZY"

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The famous American writer whose story, "A Woman's Woman," was more widely read in the trenches than any other novel written during the war.

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DO NOT MISS IT!

He sustained an artless relation of good will to all men without knowing them by name, or by their faults and limitations. He was in the most admirably perverted sense of the old phrase, a respecter of all persons. There was a story current in Stenson that the good little Professor had not always been so good. In his youth he had been quite a blade. This led to a certain quizzical familiarity between him and the officers of the law in Stenson. Dempsey, the sheriff, for example, sometimes offered dark comments upon life quite beyond the realm of morals when he overtook the professor on his afternoon walks. He was always diverted by Leck's abstract comments, who had forgotten his gay-dog days so completely that he never perceived the drift of Dempsey's confidences.

It was due to this sense of universal comradeship with men which finally led him to adopt Barney McShane.

Barney owned a disreputable little roadster and was by way of being a taxicab driver, a maverick in this business for more reasons than one. He had a temper which no garage firm would endure. He had a ferocious notion of his personal liberty which amounted to license, and he had a "past" which he constantly brought

up to the present with his devious deeds. His intimacy began with Professor Leck when on several occasions he had driven him in this roadster to meet some appointment.

To this day Stenson does not know whether the Professor adopted Barney, or if for more selfish reasons of his own, Barney adopted the professor. But it is certain that presently he moved himself and his car into the back end of Leck's premises. He was the one servant in this modest establishment. He was strangely contented for a man with a record of various forms of violence in half the cities in the country. To him this place and this man, blinded by the perpetual contemplation of that which was good, represented a sanctuary. To the Professor, Barney was an experiment, a sort of laboratory test of his theories concerning the practical application of moral standards.

"Barney," he would say, when McShane brought in his breakfast of toast and coffee, "it is the constant, or the momentary, loss of the proper sense of values that causes a man to commit a crime."

Barney's countenance, which was a singularly vicious countenance, remained cryptic at this or any similar announcement.

"A bad man would become instantly a good man if he could discover this. It is an axiom. It would be to his interest to be virtuous, therefore, he would be virtuous."

At this point the Professor would shoot a glance at Barney, much as a marksman steps forward to examine the target to make sure he has hit it.

Then, by way of proving that the shot had taken effect, Barney would rouse himself with an effort from his secret thoughts and produce one of these thoughts like a return of the fire.

"Yes, sir, but would a good man become instantly not good, if he discovered suddenly that it was for his interest and personal safety to drop his virtues and go at it with his naked fists?"

THE Professor would regard him fiercely during some such speech as this, toast suspended in one hand while he stirred his coffee furiously with the other. Thus one of those duels would begin, which never ended fatally and which cemented a relation between these two men who had nothing in common. But when Barney removed the tray the professor invariably rubbed his hands together, assumed a cunningly victorious expression and would say something like this:

"That man, dragged through the gutters of every vice, is more sensitive to ethical teaching than some of the sons of preachers in my classes! It is possible that sin is essential to the intelligent development of virtue."

It may have been due to the dictaphone habit, which had grown on him until now he would be up frequently during the night speaking into the receiver, as a man ceases to sleep soundly who is conscious of a silent companion with whom he may converse, or it may have been the growing weariness of his years, which caused the Professor's strength to fail him. But in the spring of this year he had suffered something near a collapse. He became the victim of headaches and a strange dizziness. He had never been ill, but he was forced at last to consult a local physician. The verdict was nervous exhaustion and high blood pressure. He was informed of the significance of his various symptoms. A "visible pulse," for example, which was an indication of arterial sclerosis.

Professor Leck stared at the throbbing vein in his wrist, and went to pieces. From that hour he was mortally stricken in his physical courage. He imagined numerous accompanying ailments. He had never contemplated death as a personal experience, only the ethical reaction that the universal fact of death had upon the lives of men. He had often been astonished at how slight this reaction was. But now it appeared that Death was contemplating him! He became morbid. Eternal life might be several different kinds of experience. No one really knew except by faith and he had fumbled with this sublime phenomenon of faith enough to know that the best definition of it is to be found in Hebrews, eleventh chapter and first verse—which was also the best definition he had ever seen of the imagination.

But the worst of it was this: he had a book, only half finished after years of labor, a sort of manual of ethics for the wayfaring man, who was frequently a fool morally because he could not read understandingly what was taught with so much malignant profundity of words on this vital subject. He persuaded himself if he might live to finish this work he would be reasonably willing to risk death on a cold collar. But not now!

After enduring a month of this anguish he thought of Dr. Grange. They had been boys and young blades together in Nickville forty years ago. Then their ways parted. He had gone to a Northern University, and Grange had adopted medicine as his profession. He was now a distinguished specialist in nervous diseases. He wrote to Grange, stating his case. It was in response to a letter received from the

[Continued on page 23]



Which counts most — color of soap or color of clothes?

Judge soap by what it will *do*. Color has little to do with either its purity or its cleansing value. There are good soaps variously yellow, green, white and brown. Some pure tar soaps are black! Yet who ever made her head *black* by shampooing with tar soap?

Regardless of color, you want a laundry soap that will *make clothes clean*—and do it the *safest*, the *quickest*, the *easiest* way.

Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the *natural* color of all its good materials mixed together. They help to hold the naptha till the last bit of the bar is used up, thus making it different from all other soaps.

Fels-Naptha is golden, yet it makes the whitest, cleanest clothes that ever came out of suds.

Real naptha is so skillfully combined with splendid soap by the Fels-Naptha exclusive process that it mixes readily with the wash-water. Thus it gets through every fibre of the fabric, and soaks the dirt loose without the effort of hard rubbing or without boiling. Fels-Naptha makes a wash thoroughly sweet and hygienically clean, because it gives clothes a soap-and-water cleansing and a naptha cleansing at the same time.

The only way you can get the benefit of this double cleansing-value in soap is to be sure you get Fels-Naptha—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.



Smell the
real naptha
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Improves every washing-machine

Fels-Naptha soap makes the washing-machine do even better work. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt before the washing-machine starts its work. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water churns through and through the clothes quickly flushing away all the dirt.

The Jewel Aflame

[Continued from page 7]

"Not me, at night," remarked Blommers drily.

"Not amongst them sink-holes," added Hone.

Suddenly Clinch turned and stared at him. Then the deadly light from his little eyes shone on the others one by one.

"Boys," he said, "I gotta get Quintana. I can't never sleep another wink till I git that man. Come on. Act up like gents all. Let's go." Nobody stirred.

"Come on," repeated Clinch softly. But his lips shrank back, twitching. As they looked at him they saw his teeth.

"All right, all right," growled Hone, shouldering his rifle with a jerk. The Hastings boys, young and rash, shuffled into the trail. Blommers hesitated, glanced askance at Clinch, and instantly made up his mind to take a chance with the sink-holes rather than with Clinch.

"God A'mighty, Mike, what be you aimin' to do?" faltered Harvey.

"I'm aimin' to stop the inlet and outlet to Drowned Valley," replied Clinch in his pleasant voice. "God is a-goin' to deliver Quintana into my hands."

"All right. What next?"

"Then," continued Clinch, "I cal'late to set down and wait."

"How long?"

"Ask God, boys. I don't know. All I know is that whatever is livin' in Drowned Valley at this hour is gotta live and die there. For it can't never live to come outen that there morass onto two legs like a real man."

He moved slowly along the file of sullen men, his rifle a-trail in one huge fist.

"Boys," he said, "I go first. There ain't no sink-hole deep enough to drown me while Eve needs me. . . . And my little girlie needs me bad. . . . After she gets what's her'n, then I don't care no more." He looked up into the sky, where the last ashes of sunset faded from the zenith. "Then I don't care," he murmured. "Like's not I'll creep away like some shot-up critter, n'kinda find some lone, safe spot, n'kinda fix me fr a long nap. . . . I guess that'll be the way . . . when Eve's a lady down to New York 'r'som'ers—" he added vaguely.

Then, still looking up at the fading heavens, he moved forward, head lifted, silent, unhurried, with the soundless, stealthy and certain tread of those who walk unseeing and asleep.

Clinch had not taken a dozen strides before Hal Smith loomed up ahead in the rosy dusk, driving in Leverett before him.

An exclamation of fierce exultation burst from Clinch's thin lips as he flung out one arm, indicating Smith and his slinking prisoner: "Who was that gol-dinged catamount that suspicioned Hal? I wa'n't worried none either. Hal's a gent. Mebbe he sticks up folks too, but he's a gent. And gents is honest or they ain't gents."

Smith came up at his easy, tireless gait, hustling Leverett along with prods from gun-butt or muzzle, as came handiest.

The prisoner turned a ghastly visage on Clinch, who ignored him.

"Got my packet, Hal?" he demanded.

Smith poked Leverett with his rifle: "Tune up," he said, "tell Clinch your story."

As a caged rat looks death in the face, his ratty wits working like lightning and every atom of cunning and ferocity alert for attack or escape, so the little, mean eyes of Earl Leverett became fixed on Clinch like two immobile and glassy beads of jet.

"G'wan," said Clinch softly, "spit it out."

"Jake done it," muttered Leverett thickly.

"Done what?"

"Stole that there packet o' yourn—whatever there was into it."

"Who put him up to it?"

"A fella called Quintana."

"What was there in it for Jake?" inquired Clinch pleasantly.

"Ten thousand."

"How about you?"

"I told 'em I wouldn't touch it. Then they pulled their guns on me, and I was scared to squeal."

"So that was the way?" asked Clinch.

Leverett's eyes traveled stealthily around the circle of men, then reverted to Clinch.

She sat very, very still, huddled on the bed's edge, scarcely breathing. . . . If this was love—then it had come suddenly, and strangely

"I dassn't touch it," he said, "but I dassn't squeal. I was huntin' onto Drowned Valley when Jake meets up with me. 'I got the packet,' he sez, 'and I'm a-goin' to double-crisscross Quintana, I am, and beat it. Don't you wish you was whacks with me?'"

"No," sez I, 'honesty is my policy, no matter what they tell about me.' S'help me God, I ain't never robbed no trap and I ain't no skin thief, whatever lies folks tell. All I ever done was run a little hootch, same's everybody."

He licked his lips furtively, his cold, bright eyes fastened on Clinch.

"G'wan Earl," nodded the latter, "heave her up."

"That's all. I sez, 'Good-by, Jake. An' if you heed my warnin', ill-gotten gains ain't a-goin' to prosper nobody.' That's what I said to Jake Kloon, the last solemn words I spoke to that there man now in his bloody grave—"

"Hey?" demanded Clinch.

"That's where Jake is," repeated Leverett. "Why, so help me, I wa'n't gone ten yards when, bang! goes a gun, and I see this here Quintana come outen the bush and walk up to Jake and frisk him, and Jake still a-kickin' the moss to slivers. Yessir, that's what I seen."

"G'wan."

"N'then Quintana he shoved Jake into a sink-hole. That's wot I seen with my two eyes. Yessir. N'then Quintana he run off, n' I jest set down in the trail, I did; n'then Hal come up and acted like I had stole your packet, he did; n'then I told him what Quintana done. N'Hal, he takes after Quintana, but I don't guess he meets up with him, for he come back and ketched holt of me, n' he druv me in like I was a caaf. N'here I be."

The dusk in the forest had deepened so that the men's faces had become mere blotches of gray. Smith said to Clinch: "That's his story Mike. But I preferred

him to tell you himself, so I brought him along. . . . Did you drive Star Peak?"

"There wa'n't nothin' onto it," said Clinch very softly. Then, of a sudden, his shadowy visage became contorted and he jerked up his rifle.

"You dirty louse!" he roared at Leverett. "You was into this, too, a-robbin' my little Eve—"

"Run!" yelled somebody, giving Leverett a violent shove into the woods. In the darkness and confusion, Clinch shouldered his way out of the circle and fired at the crackling noise that marked Leverett's course; fired again, lower, and again as a distant crash revealed the frenzied flight of the trap-robber. After he had fired a fourth shot, somebody struck up his rifle.

"Aw," said Jim Hastings, "that ain't no good. You act up like a kid, Mike. Tain't so far to Ghost Lake, n'them Troopers might hear you."

[Continued on page 21]





Why You Meet

So many white teeth everywhere today

Do you note how many teeth now glisten as they never did before?

Nearly all the world over, careful people are employing a new teeth-cleaning method. And largely by dental advice. It is daily used by millions.

You see the results in every circle now. They should be seen in your home. Make the test we offer here, if you have not done so.

They combat the film

Most teeth are clouded more or less by film. That viscous coat you feel is film, but newly-formed.

Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar.

Those thin film-coats now hide the luster of millions of pretty teeth.

Film is the teeth's great enemy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

It constantly breeds germs. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, now so alarmingly common.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. Those troubles have been constantly increasing. Even among careful people, very few escape.

The brush inadequate

Most people find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. The reason lies largely in that film. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. The brush leaves much of it intact.

That is a problem which dental science has in late years tried to solve. It has sought effective film combatants for daily application.

Two such factors have been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists everywhere — here and abroad—are urging their daily use.

These two methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And the whiter, cleaner teeth you see are largely due to that.

Other new discoveries

Science also finds that starch deposits do much damage to the teeth.

The New Requirements

Constantly combat the film.
Keep teeth highly polished.

Multiply the starch digestant in saliva to digest the starch deposits on teeth and between them.

Multiply the alkalinity of saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

Pepsodent does all these things effectively and often.

The quick effects

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

These benefits are quickly seen and felt.

This Test Will show the way

This offers you a ten-day test of Pepsodent—no cost.

The test will be delightful — the results a revelation.

What you see and feel will change your whole conception of what clean teeth mean.

Make this test—make it now, if only for beauty's sake.

Beautiful teeth in this way become whiter and safer, too.

They gum the teeth, get between the teeth, ferment and form acids. Modern diet is very rich in starch.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva, to digest those starch deposits. But this needs frequent stimulation, else it is too weak.

Pepsodent supplies that stimulation. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. It also multiplies the alkalis — put there to neutralize mouth acids.

So every use of Pepsodent greatly increases these natural teeth-protecting forces. In all these ways, Pepsodent brings conspicuous benefits which old ways never bring.



For the future's sake

Under old methods, very few people have escaped tooth troubles. Very few children escape them. Most people have film-coated teeth.

Now dentists advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears. Everyone should use it twice a day.

That means a constant and effective fight on film and starch and acids. And that may change your whole dental history.

Cut out this coupon and judge the benefits by what this ten-day test will do. There are few things more important, you will find.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Based on modern research. Endorsed by modern authorities. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 394, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

The Coast of Cockaigne

[Continued from page 13]

whose result might be days and days of work at ten or even fifteen per—who knew?—perhaps the miracle of a steady job!

They made up to her saucily or shyly, with assurance or with humility, with assumed indifference, some in open desperation. But on one question they were a unit: they wanted work. Lucinda spoke about two or three of them to Lontaine, who advised her to suggest that they apply to Barry Nolan's assistant, on that far day when the casting of subordinate rôles would be in order. She spoke to Lynn Summerlad, and so doing evoked a worried frown, together with some carefully chosen thoughts on the dangers of contracting haphazard hotel acquaintanceships.

"I was afraid of this when you moved into the hotel. But then I told myself not to be a fool, you weren't the sort to encourage total strangers."

"You think, perhaps, I'm growing to be a shade too free and easy?"

"If you must know, Linda, I do."

"But this is, after all, Hollywood."

"No reason for doing as the Hollywooders do."

"Then, I take it, you think it might be more discreet of me to stop going about with you alone."

"Oh, Lord!" Summerlad groaned. "I might've known better than to argue with a woman."

"I don't relish being reproached by you for lack of decorum, Lynn."

"Decorum be damn! I'm only anxious you shan't get in with the wrong sort, be victimized or worse."

"So that's what's on your mind."

"I don't like to think of any outside influences working on you just now."

"Just now?"

"Distracting your attention from really important matters, like me and what you're going to do about me. I'm so desperately in love with you, Linda."

Lucinda said nothing for a little. She had been expecting this for days. Now that it came it found her, of course, unprepared. She was glad of the darkness of that section of the hotel veranda where they had been sitting for a quarter of an hour after returning from dining together in the city. Not that it made much difference. It had been bound to come before long. One knew the signs in a man who had held his peace about as long as he could.

"Well, Linda?"

She put off her pensiveness, smiling softly in the darkness that enfolded them, smiling to see Summerlad bending forward in his chair, anxiously searching her face for a clue to her mind.

"Well, my friend! so it seems you love me."

"How long have you known it?"

"Quite as long as you have loved me."

"And you—?"

"I don't know yet. And—don't count on me."

"You don't mind my loving you?"

"No. I think it makes me happy."

"Then I shall count on you—unless you wish me to think you're merely amusing yourself."

"But you don't think that. So be patient."

"I'm not at all sure patience and love are even related."

"Then I'm afraid you know only one kind of love, not the kind that lasts."

"I'm glad none I've known has lasted; that leaves me free to be truly in love with you."

"That's rather clever of you, Lynn; almost too clever."

"I've got to be clever, I guess, if I'm to make you love me."

"Lynn, I'm afraid you're artful. You'd better go now before you talk me into something that isn't real and—you don't want anything else."

"You really want to get rid of me?"

"For tonight, yes. I want to be alone to think about you."

Lucinda stood up, thereby bringing Summerlad out of his chair.

"Good night, my dear."

"I've never tried to kiss you, Linda..."

"And won't, I know, till I want you to."

"That's what I get for giving you a chance to put me on my honor."

"It's more than you'd have got—or deserved—if you hadn't."

Summerlad's lips just failed to find her hand; Lucinda had tightened the pressure of her fingers on his and drawn away in time.

"Don't go before you've answered my question, Lynn."

"Question?"

"What I'm to do about these unfortunate young women. There's one girl I'm especially worried about. She seems so ill and miserable. And even so, she's pretty; just a little happiness would make her



Here Lucinda was photographed . . . dismounting to rest in a wild sylvan glade

radiant. Why can't we find or make a chance for her somewhere?"

"Once you start that sort of thing, the whole pack will be on your back. But if you insist, I'll do what I can. What's her type?"

"Olive brune; about my height; and the loveliest, most tragic eyes . . ."

"Any experience?"

"Yes. She told me she'd been working in the East, but her health broke down and the doctors advised California. She'd been out here before, I gathered, but not in pictures. She only got in last night, and they put her at my table in the dining-room, so we met at luncheon today."

"I'll see what I can do. Speak to Zinn about her. What's her name?"

"Miss Marquis—Nelly Marquis, I think she said."

Summerlad had taken out and opened his cigarette case. After a thoughtful moment he shut it up with a snap, forgetting to help himself to a cigarette. In a queer, dull voice he asked: "What name did you say?"

"Nelly Marquis. Why? Do you know her?"

"I know a good deal about her. Rather a bad lot, by all accounts. See here, Linda: I wish you'd drop her. I can't very well tell you what I know, but I do wish you'd take my word for it and cut this woman out. She—she's really not the sort you can afford to get mixed up with."

"You're sure, Lynn? I feel so sorry for her. She doesn't seem one of the usual sort."

"She isn't." Summerlad gave a short, hard laugh. "But you said you wanted to get rid of me."

He possessed himself of Lucinda's hands again and kissed them ardently. She watched with indulgent eyes, more than half in love already. Why, then, must she so persistently deny him? Was it that there was something wanting in the man, some lack divined by a sense in her, subtle,

anonymous, and inarticulate? Infinitely perplexed, Lucinda lingered on where Summerlad left her, near the far end of the veranda, where it curved round the projecting corner of the hotel.

A thin trickle of sound penetrated her abstraction, broken and gusty sounds of someone sobbing.

Windows of guest-rooms looked out on the veranda, but all these were closed and lightless. The corner room, however, had French windows let in at an angle which she could not see. After a moment she moved quietly round the corner, and found one of these open, the source of the sobbing in a shapeless little heap upon the floor, in the darkness just beyond the sill.

Entering and kneeling, Lucinda placed a gentle hand upon the shoulder of the weeping woman. "Please!" she begged. "Can I do anything?"

A convulsive tremor ran through the body, the sobbing ceased sharply, the woman lifted her face to stare. There was just enough light from the street to reveal the features of Nelly Marquis.

"Who?"—her voice broke huskily on the darkness—"who are you?"

"Miss Lee—Linda Lee. Can't I do something to help you?"

With a startling movement the girl struck aside Lucinda's hands.

"No!" she cried thickly. "No, no, no! Not you! Go away—please go!"

"I only want to help you—" Lucinda ventured, getting to her feet.

The movement must have been misinterpreted, for the girl jumped up like a threatened animal.

"I don't want your help!" she stormed throatily. "I don't want anything to do with you—only to be left alone!" She flung herself at Lucinda as if she would thrust her out through the window by force. "Go! go! go!" she screamed. Then the window slammed.

"Poor thing!" Lucinda told herself. "She must have heard . . ."

V
LUCINDA was just then all too agreeably engrossed in dwelling upon the fond conception of herself clothed in this new shining avatar of Linda Lee, beloved of Lynn Summerlad, to be more than transiently affected by the incident of Nelly Marquis.

That morning, as every morning now, she woke with a smile responsive to the smiling salutation of the day; and when she had girded on her armor against the eyes of a fault-finding world, she called for her car and sallied forth to while away yet another day of idleness. Lacking something better to do, she dropped in first at the Lontaine bungalow, routed Fanny out of bed and made her dress, against her protestations that she'd been on a party with Harry and some people the night before, so needed rest and kind words more than exercise and open air.

Fugitively the thought shadowed Lucinda's mood that Fanny, by her own account, had been going in rather heavily of late for parties, and it wasn't doing her any good. Not that she showed ill effects more than in a feverish look that really enhanced her blond prettiness. But with Fanny's insatiable appetite for that sort of thing . . .

From the bungalow they proceeded to the studios, thinking to pick up Harry there and run him down to the Alexandria for luncheon. But the shabbily furnished little office assigned to Linda Lee Pictures, Inc., was empty, and nobody had any information concerning Lontaine's whereabouts or probable return. This left the young women at a loss until Fanny suggested that they look up Lynn, find out what he was doing, and make him stop it.

Summerlad's company they found busy doing nothing at all on one of the enclosed stages, the occupation which, Lucinda had by this time learned, earns the motion-picture actor about ninety per cent. of his wages, the other ten being paid him for acting. The camera-man said Mr. Summerlad might be in his director's office, whither Lucinda and Fanny accordingly repaired, to find Summerlad, in elaborate evening clothes, tilted back in a desk-chair, a thoughtful scowl on his handsome, painted face, and Jacques, his director, a mild-mannered, slender young sultan in riding-breeches and boots, sitting on the desk itself and moodily drumming its side with his heels. These got upon their feet with such embarrassment that Fanny was moved impishly to inquire whether Lucinda or herself had been the topic of the interrupted conference.

"And," she stipulated sternly, "what you were saying about whichever of us. I never saw two people look more guilty of scandal."

"It wasn't scandal," Jacques insisted with injured innocence. "We had been talking about Miss Lee, though."

"Wondering if you'd care to be an angel to us, Linda?"

"Look out, Linda," Fanny warned: "When a man begs a woman to be an angel to him, he's generally working her up to do something she oughtn't."

"What is it?" Lucinda inquired, laughing at Summerlad's dashed look.

"Oh, nothing at all; all we want you to do is forget you're a star, or going to be, and play a little part with me in this picture we're doing now."

"It isn't any part at all, so to speak, Miss Lee; we'll only need you three or four days; but Mr. Summerlad's afraid you'll think it beneath your dignity."

"Is it such an undignified part, then?"

"Well, you'd have to play second to Alice Blake"—Summerlad's leading woman.

"Besides, the part isn't big enough for you."

"Then who will know or care who plays it? I'd perfectly love to do it for you, if you think I can."

Actor and director pranced grateful attendance on the two women as they returned to their motor car; and when it had vanished, Summerlad turned to Jacques and shook him fervently by the hand.

"You're a true friend, Joe!" he declared in mock-emotional accents.

"Worked out pretty, didn't it?" the director grinned. "You always were a fool for luck, Lynn, s'far's skirts are concerned—you old hyena! All the same, it don't do to ride your luck too hard. You've got all afternoon with the coast clear—maybe! Get your make-up off and beat it quick."

VI
LUCINDA was quietly elated by the prospect of at last doing real work before a camera; and if her mood was pensive, as she alighted at the hotel and gave a bellboy her parcels, it was because she was thinking of nothing but her immediate purpose, which was to try on the costume complete before a cheval-glass, and satisfy herself that she would look as fetching as she felt she must.

It wasn't till she turned into the corridor leading to the wing in which she was quartered that she remembered Nelly Marquis; she hadn't given her two thoughts since morning, and in all likelihood wouldn't have given her another had she not met

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The Jewel Aflame

[Continued from page 18]

After a silence, Clinch spoke, his voice heavy with reaction.

"Into that there packet is my little girl's dower. It's all I got to give her. It's all she's got to make her a lady. I'll kill any man that robs her. 'N'that's that."

"Are you going on after Quintana?" asked Smith.

"I am. 'N'these fellas are a-goin' with me. 'N' I want you should go back to my Dump and look after my girlie while I'm gone."

There was a silence. Then, "All right," said Smith briefly. He added: "Look out for sink-holes, Mike."

Clinch tossed a heavy rifle to his shoulder: "Let's go," he said in his pleasant way, "—and I'll shoot the life outta any fella that don't show up at roll call."

II

FOR its size there is no fiercer animal than a rat.

Rat-like rage possessed Leverett. In his headlong flight through the dusk, fear, instead of quenching, added to his rage; and he ran on and on, crashing through the undergrowth, made wilder by the pain of vicious blows from branches which flew back and struck him in the dark.

Shots from Clinch's rifle ceased; the fugitive dropped into a heavy, shuffling walk, slaving, gasping, gesticulating with his weaponless fists in the darkness. "Gol ram ye, I'll fix ye!" he kept stammering in his snarling, jangling voice. "I'll learn ye."

An unseen limb struck him cruelly across the face, and a moosebush tripped him flat. Almost crazed, he got up, yelling in his pain, one hand wet and sticky from blood welling up from his cheek-bone. He stood listening, infuriated, vindictive, but heard nothing, save the panting, animal sounds in his own throat.

He strove to see in the ghostly obscurity around him, but could make out little except the trees close by. He discovered the far stars shining faintly through rifts in the phantom foliage above.

These heavenly signals were sufficient to give him his directions. Then the question suddenly came, *which* direction? To his own shack on Stinking Lake he dared not go. He tried to believe that it was fear of Clinch that made him shy of the home shanty; but in his cowering soul, he knew it was fear of another kind—the deep, superstitious horror of Jake Klooon's empty bunk, the repugnant sight of Klooon's spare clothing hanging from its peg, the dead man's shoes—

No, he could not go to Stinking Lake and sleep.

At the mere thought of his dead bunk-mate, he sought relief in vindictive rage—stirred up the smoldering embers again, cursed Clinch and Hal Smith, violently searching in his inflamed brain some instant vengeance upon these men who had driven him out from the only place on earth where he knew how to exist—the wilderness.

All at once he thought of Clinch's step-daughter. What a revenge!—to strike Clinch through the only creature he cared for in all the world. What a revenge! Clinch was headed for Drowned Valley. Eve Strayer was alone at the Dump. Another thought flashed like lightning across his turbid mind—the *packet*!

Bribed by Quintana, Jake Klooon lurking at Clinch's door had heard him direct Eve to take the packet to Owl Marsh, and had notified Quintana. Wittingly or unwittingly, the girl had taken a packet of sugar milk chocolate instead of the priceless parcel expected!

Again, carried in, exhausted, by a State Trooper, Jake Klooon had been fooled; and it was the packet of sugar-milk chocolates that Jake had purloined from the veranda where Clinch kicked it. For two cakes of chocolate, Klooon had died. For two cakes of chocolate he, Earl Leverett, had become a man-slayer, a homeless fugitive in peril of his life.

He stood licking his blood-dried lips in the darkness. Somewhere in Clinch's Dump was the packet that would make him rich. He had only to dare; and pain and poverty and fear—would end forever!

When, at last, he came out to the edge of Clinch's clearing, the dark October heavens were but a vast wilderness of stars.

Star Pond, set to its limpid depths with the heavenly gems, glittered and darkled with its million diamond incrustations. The humped-up lump of Clinch's Dump crouched like some huge night-beast on the bank, ringed by the solemn forest.

There was a kerosene lamp burning in Eve Strayer's room. Another light—a candle—flickered in the kitchen. . . . Leverett, crouching, ran ratlike down to the barn, slid in between the ice-house and corn-crib, crawled out among the wilderness of weeds and lay flat.

The light burned steadily from Eve's window.

From his post, the trap-robber could

see only the plastered ceiling of the bed-chamber. But the kerosene lamp cast two shadows on that—tall shadows of human shapes that stirred at times.

The trap-robber, scared, stiffened to immobility, but his little eyes remained fastened on the *camera obscura* above. All the cunning, patience, and murderous immobility of the rat were his.

Not a weed stirred under the stars where the robber lay with tiny, unwinking eyes, intent upon the shadows on the ceiling.

III

THE shadows on the ceiling were cast by Eve Strayer and her State Trooper. Eve sat on her bed's edge, swathed in a lilac silk kimono—delicate relic of school days. Her bandaged feet, crossed, dangled above the rag-rug on the floor; her slim, tanned fingers were interlaced over the book on her lap.

Near the door stood State Trooper Stormont, spurred, booted, trig and trim, an undecided and flushed young man, fumbling irresolutely with the purple cord on his campaign hat.

The book on Eve's knees—another relic of the past—was *Sigurd the Volsung*. Stormont had been reading to her—they having found, after the half-shy tentatives of new friends, a common bond in literature. And the girl, admitting a passion for the poets, invited him to inspect the bookcase of unpainted pine which Clinch had built into her bedroom wall.

Here it was he discovered mutual friends—and, carrying *Sigurd* to her bedside, looked leisurely through the half-forgotten pages.

"Would you read a little?" she ventured.

He blushed, but did his best. His was an agreeable, boyish voice, betraying taste and understanding. Time passed quickly—not so much in the reading but in the conversations intervening.

And now, made uneasy by chance consultation with his wrist-watch, and being rather a conscientious young man, he had risen and informed Eve that she ought to go to bed. And she had denounced the idea, almost fretfully. "Of course," she added, smiling at him out of gentian-blue eyes, "if you are sleepy I shouldn't dream of asking you to stay."

"I'm not intending to sleep."

"What are you going to do?"

"Take a chair on the landing outside your door."

"What!"

"Certainly. What did you expect me to do, Eve?"

"Go to bed, of course. The beds in the guest-rooms are all made up."

"Your father didn't expect me to do that," he said, smiling.

"I'm not afraid, as long as you're in the house," she said.

She looked up at him again, wistfully. Perhaps he was restless, bored, sitting there beside her half the day, and, already, half the night. Men of that kind—active, nervous, young men accustomed to the open, can't stand caging.

"I want you to go out and get some fresh air," she said. "It's a wonderful night. Go and walk awhile. And—if you feel like—coming back to me—"

"Will you sleep?"

"No. I'll wait for you."

Her words were natural and direct, but in their simplicity there seemed a delicate sweetness that stirred him.

"I'll come back to you," he said.

Then, in his response, the girl in her turn became aware of something beside the simple words—a vague charm about them that faintly haunted her after he had gone away down the stairs.

That was the man she had once tried to kill! At the sudden and terrible recollection she shivered from curly head to bandaged feet. Then she trembled a little with the memory of his lips against her bruised hands—bruised by handcuffs which he had fastened upon her.

She sat, very, very still now, huddled on the bed's edge, scarcely breathing. For the girl was beginning to dare formulate the deepest of any thoughts that ever had stirred her virgin mind and body. If it was love, then it had come suddenly, and strangely. It had come on that day—at the very moment when he flung her against the tree and handcuffed her—that terrible instant—if it were love—

Or—what was it that so delicately overwhelmed her with pleasure in his presence, in his voice, in the light, firm sound of his spurred tread on the veranda below?

Friendship? A lonely passion for young and decent companionship? The clean youth of him in contrast with the surly louts who haunted Clinch's Dump—was that the appeal?

Listening there, where she sat clasping the book, she heard his steady tread

[Continued on page 24]

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Inches	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>
	Pink <input type="checkbox"/>
Waist Size	Green <input type="checkbox"/>
Inches	White <input type="checkbox"/>
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Length from shoulder to skirt hem (inches)	

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FINDINGS *from* THE FOOD WORKSHOP Of Teacher's College Columbia University



Why Do You Buy What You Buy?

By May B. Van Arsdale and Day Monroe

Department Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

BEING a "buyer" has an alluring sound! We conjure up trips to the large markets, dealings with interesting men of affairs and the chance to buy and buy to our heart's content. We are almost envious of the women who do the buying for our local stores and go off to the city twice a year, or are visited by salesmen with huge trunks of supplies. But we home-makers, too, are "buyers." Women buy half of the hardware and housefurnishings which are sold in a year in this country. Out of every dollar spent for dry-goods, women spend \$.96 and out of every dollar spent for raw food materials, \$.87.

YET are we not spenders only, rather than buyers in the real sense of the word? Think of the qualifications of the buyer in a large business house! He must know exactly what he is buying—whether it is good material, or poor, and whether it will please the customers of his store. He has been trained to know just what percentage of the dress-goods he purchases is wool and whether a piece of "pure linen" contains cotton. His function in the firm is a very important one, and if he buys unwisely he will be superseded by someone who can show better results.

What of the qualifications of the woman who is buying for her family?

We are told that there is no business in the world where such large amounts of money are spent without education and training as in the business of housekeeping. Wise buying means the happiness of those she loves and the opportunity for more leisure and recreation for herself, while poor spending is a continual reproach and disappointment. A bad bargain comes home and stays there.

We buy some things because we need them and other things because we desire them. That is legitimate, if not carried to excess, because it makes life worth living. But in buying do we choose wisely? Often, when shopping, we hesitate in our choice, uncertain as to values, and then suddenly make our purchase because the clerk is waiting. But what made us choose? Why did we buy what we bought?

Suppose we are purchasing food. Our food preferences are illogical. What do we buy food for? For flavor? Not necessarily—because we often choose the largest peaches when the smaller ones have a better flavor. For appearance? Not always—because the Ben Davis apple is not as popular as the Greening. A combination of flavor and appearance reinforced by the price, good advertising and the advice of our neighbors seems to influence us. How little we know of how to get the most for our money! Fortunately there are basic rules we can follow.

THE word "seasonable" was writ large on the food horizon of our grandmothers who did not know of cold storage and modern transportation which make fresh fruits and vegetables available all the year. But have we not gone too far to the other extreme? There is still a time and a season when certain fruits and vegetables are at their best and cheapest and when we should use them in large quantities. Yet too often we have served hothouse foods to our families until they became tired of them and could not enjoy the fruits of our gardens when they were plentiful. Why do we waste money on sour strawberries out of season? We can use canned strawberries from last year while we are waiting for this season's crop to mature.

If seasonableness is to be our first consideration, waste must be our second.

We can reduce waste to a minimum but there always will be some food purchased which is not wholly edible. For instance, there are orange skins (all which cannot be made into marmalade) potato parings, nutshells and coffee-grounds. Because of this waste the real value of a food cannot be judged by its price.

Perhaps you believe that large potatoes at five cents a pound are cheaper than small ones at half the price, but are they? Just purchase a pound of each, pare them and weigh the two lots of parings separately. To make the small potatoes more expensive than the large ones, the parings from the former would have to weigh more than twice as much as those from the latter. But they don't. They weigh about one-quarter of a pound while the parings from the large potatoes weigh almost one-fifth of a pound—hence there is a saving of between two and three cents a pound on the small potatoes.

QUITE worth while if the family are potato-eaters! Of course the large potatoes are more desirable for baking, but think of the mashed, fried, creamed and boiled potatoes we eat. It is well to keep some of each size on hand.

We want to buy the juiciest oranges—but we cannot always tell by looking at them which they are. Shall we take the

ber to a pound we knew exactly how many to expect in buying "20-30's" or "70-80's."

We seeded them and weighed the pits and we found that the pits from the pound of largest prunes (20-30's) weighed about two and one-half ounces while the pits from the smallest prunes (70-80's) weighed only three and one-third ounces. Not much of a difference when the large prunes had cost more than twice as much as the small ones!

And the flavor? When the judges were blindfolded so they could not see the size of the prunes, the smallest ones received more votes for flavor than the large ones. You may still contend that your family prefer the large prunes, since they don't eat blindfolded. But do you remember to buy 70-80 size for prune-whip or prune-pudding?

The trained buyer buys different grades. "Fancy" for some occasions and a reliable "standard" grade for others. We use similar discretion in buying

The reliable canner spares no pains to make these grades dependable. If you purchase fancy canned cherries you know they will be "free from all imperfections, of good color, fine quality, uniform size and ripeness, packed in a standard sirup, with 85 or less in a 2½ size can." He guarantees these qualifications which are far higher than any housewife would set for herself.

Such cherries approach perfection. But unfortunately nature is not a perfectionist. She produces some fruit of smaller size than this, and of a less desirable color—good and wholesome but not fancy. Because the perfect cherries are relatively rare they must be higher in price than the less desirable grades. But who knows the difference when they are used in a cherry pie or a fruit salad?

IF your grocer proudly tells you that he carries only one brand, "the best," forsake him and hunt a store where other grades are available. There are times when "the best" is extravagance. Stock your emergency shelf with canned fruits and vegetables, but do not have them all of one grade. Have two or three grades of canned peas—the fancy small ones, if you can afford them, for state occasions; the standard grade for the good everyday meals, and the ungraded ones, not in uniform size, for pea soup.

With fancy canned peaches the halves are to be "uniform in size and very symmetrical" but for many purposes we can use peaches of good flavor, though less symmetrical in shape.

There is a growing desire among canners to make the label "the window of the can," telling exactly what the housewife wants to know about the contents. Unfortunately this is not yet as widely done as it should be. But we can learn good reliable brands suited to our varied needs, and not make the purchase of canned goods merely a matter of cheap or high price. Here, as everywhere, the highest-priced is not always the best. When we purchased peas at twenty-three and twenty-nine cents a can from the same store, we found the cheaper peas smaller, more tender and of as good a color and flavor as the more expensive ones. A saving of six cents a can is worthwhile, and thereafter in buying peas we called for that particular brand, knowing that it satisfied our appetites and incomes. Everyone can investigate the canned goods available in her part of the country.

The law requires that a package of food be marked to show the weight it contains, and the thrifty housewife reads the label to know how much she is buying. But we often buy our loaf of bread without considering its weight. For our food workshop we bought more than one hundred loaves of bread one day and on weighing them we were amazed to find that the cost of one pound of bread ranged between six and thirteen cents. The price did not vary according to quality because some of the low-priced bread was better than some of the more expensive. When we buy bread shouldn't we think of the weight? Shouldn't we consider whether the twelve-cent loaf is half again as heavy as the eight-cent loaf?

If we had to make every penny count we might calculate as carefully as some of our foreign neighbors. Recently in a foreign bakery where a variety of loaves were displayed, we saw a poor woman put several on the scale-pan while the proprietor's back was turned before she asked him the price of any of the loaves. Her purchase was then an intelligent one.

Getting the most food for our money is really scientific spending. We are just beginning to study conditions which will make for better buying habits, but there is much that each one of us can do. Each woman can contribute by reading labels, studying varieties and brands and adapting this knowledge to the needs of her own family. Gradually, buying habits will be revolutionized, so that more of us will know why we buy what we buy.



What Determines Your Purchase of Foods?

- The appearance of the food or of the container?
- The price of the article?
- The flavor which you have tasted and like?
- Good advertising?
- Your grocer's advice?
- The recommendation of your neighbor?

large ones at sixty cents a dozen or those in the box next to them, only a little smaller, for forty cents? "Eye-buying"—the choosing of the largest and best-looking—is permissible if you are filling the fruit-basket for a centerpiece for a dinner-party—but for breakfast or for orange-juice for the baby you will save money by buying the smaller fruit.

Then consider the breakfast prunes. If we had all the money we wanted, most of us would buy large prunes. They are big and black and juicy-looking and some persons say they have a better flavor than the small ones. They cost more but we close our eyes to our extravagance, trusting the fewer pits will weigh less.

In the food workshop we determined to settle the prune question once for all. We bought all grades of prunes. Since prunes are graded according to the num-

ber of pits, we bought a pound of each grade. We buy plain house-dresses and fancy evening-gowns. But we do not carry this same wisdom into our food purchasing. Too many of us say with false pride, "Well my family is always going to have good food!" and mistakenly proceed to buy only one grade for all purposes. There is a legitimate place for the fancy grade, but there is also a place for the standard—good, reliable and wholesome, just as there is for theingham dress.

Different qualities are available because the manufacturer, wholesaler and jobber are taking pains to standardize many of our foods for us. In canned vegetables we can buy any one of four grades: fancy, choice, standard, or sub-standard; while in canned fruits we can buy fancy, choice, standard, second, water or pie—a choice of six grades.

Don Quixote in a Flivver

[Continued from page 16]

doctor urging him to come to the Hospital at Nickville, that Leck had undertaken the hundred miles journey by motor, which had landed him in this hospital in the early evening hours of this day.

Somewhere in the lower regions of the hospital a clock struck twelve times. Leck had not moved. Suddenly the click of a switch and the glare of light in his room awakened him. He stared into the face of Sister Vincent, the wings of her cap spread above him.

Not since he was a youth had any woman invaded the sanctity of his sleeping-chamber. His first sensation of astonishment gave place to embarrassment. He lay petrified, eye to eye with this apparition.

"You are Professor Leck of Stenson University?" she demanded.

"Yes, Sister," he gasped.

"Well, there is a detective at the door, Professor Leck, and he insists upon—seeing you," she announced coolly.

"A detective," he murmured. "Why should a detective wish to see me?"

"The officer will tell you that," she answered as she passed out.

Instantly Leck was on his feet, standing in the middle of the room, a small bubble of a man in a narrow night shirt, which revealed a considerable length to his thin legs below. His face was purple. Every hair and every whisker bristled as he glared at the door.

Then a large man wearing a gray suit came in, folded his fat hands low upon his abdomen, bowed his head, and returned the professor's glare with an evil omniscience.

"Who are you?" Leck demanded.

The man offered a soiled card in reply.

The professor fumbled in the pocket of his shirt for his glasses. He adjusted them tremblingly on his nose and read aloud, "S. Jowls, Detective." Then he glanced fiercely at the owner of this name.

"Detective!" he repeated, "What does this mean?"

"Your name is Leck?"

"It is! Professor Leck, Doctor Leck," resenting the omission of his title by this offensive person. "But why am I disturbed in the middle of the night to be asked this question, twice?"

"Only a reasonable doubt. I wished to make sure," Jowls explained. "Now then," taking out a notebook and pencil, "the name is Leck," writing it. "Do you know a man named McShane?" raising his eyes to Leck's face interrogatively.

"I do. He is my servant. What has happened to him?"

"He is in jail, sir, with three charges booked against him."

"He is innocent of all of them!"

"He was arrested for speeding."

"That, yes, possibly," Barney's master conceded.

"He is also charged with carrying a concealed weapon, and with resisting an officer," Jowls concluded.

Leck stared speechless.

"Speeding is only a misdemeanor, but having a concealed weapon is a crime in this state, punishable by a fine and imprisonment. And resisting an officer is a serious offense," Jowls concluded.

Leck groaned. "But suppose I tell you the revolver is mine?" he said.

Jowls shook his head.

"McShane admitted that it was his."

"Still, that is my gun, and McShane is an innocent man. The whole thing is an outrage."

"He might give bond," Jowls suggested.

"For how much?"

Jowls named a sum which cleaned up Leck to within a few dollars.

"This," the detective announced, "will let him out tonight and no doubt will be enough to pay his fine for speeding when he comes up for trial tomorrow."

Then it occurred to Leck that Barney would have no money to pay for food or lodgings.

"Here," he said handing Jowls a twenty-dollar bill.

For an instant the two men stared at each other. Jowls' eye was furtive, interrogative and acquisitive. For the first time in many a year, cunning suspicion entered the mind of Leck. He made a step toward Jowls, regarded him, horror and recognition in his gaze. "That money is for Barney. Understand!" he said sternly.

"Oh, very well," Jowls answered darkly and withdrew.

Leck stood for a moment bemused. It was not that Jowls had been ready to accept the money as a bribe. He might be mistaken about that, but it was the step forward he had made which brought his nearsighted eyes close enough to the man's disreputable countenance to discover in it something familiar.

"Impossible," he muttered. "However, tomorrow I shall make sure."

Then he held up his wrist and stared at the vein in it. To his distorted vision it

seemed to wriggle. His head ached. He went dizzily back to his bed and stretched himself carefully there.

He derived a certain repose at last from recalling his youth in this city, where he had been born. And where he had visited upon rare occasions to deliver a lecture, or to attend some scholarly function. He and Grange in those early days had weeded a wide row, as the saying goes. He recalled some of these weeds, as if they were the tares sowed by another man in another existence. There was McTyre who had become a distinguished lawyer. McTyre had been a discreet observer, the confidant into whose ears he and Grange had poured the tales of their adventures. Also there were numerous young men living here who had been in his classes at the University. Babson, for example.

There was no reason why his mind should have stumbled on Babson in this connection except that he had never liked him. He recalled the dog-faced smile with which Babson used to listen to his lectures. He had always felt that this young man's ethical perceptions were obtuse. Still, he had done well. He had seen in the Nickville Call that Babson had recently been appointed Judge of the City Court.

He was very anxious about Barney. He regarded himself as responsible for the worst that had befallen him. That pistol—Confound Dempsey! What if this thing got into the papers! He was exceedingly well known. He had as many degrees as a rooster had long feathers in his tail. And abroad he was known variously and gloriously.

When the nurse came in the next morning at seven o'clock to take his temperature, she found a very pale old gentleman lying straight and stiffly in his bed.

"Nurse, I should like to have my breakfast," he said, when she relieved him of the thermometer.

"The patient will not be allowed to have food until after the doctor comes," she answered as if she repeated a formula.

"A cup of coffee, then?" he entreated.

"No coffee. Doctor's orders. You may have a glass of water." She suggested this ultimate concession as she passed out.

At nine o'clock he saw the door move, with a sneaking inward swing, not more than a crack.

Then a round, pink, girl's face appeared beneath the hat. Their eyes met, hers brown and smiling, his blue and blazing.

"May I come in?" she asked softly.

"Oh, yes, everybody does!" he retorted brusquely.

"Doctor Leck, isn't it? I have always so longed to meet you," she cooed.

She had seated herself prettily on the edge of a chair and was regarding him like a song with smiling lips. Her name was Dorothea Rice, she explained. And she wanted him to know that she had read some of his lectures, and his wonderful article in last month's Review.

He was confused. The shadow of questions arose in his mind, but he put them aside. He attributed this visit to untimely, but youthful admiration.

He was swiftly led by this bright young creature into a more personal line of conversation. He found himself relating his adventures of the night before, not omitting the visit of Jowls. A hospital was a sanctuary! He had come to rest, to be relieved of every care, and he had been disturbed in the most offensive manner. It was outrageous!

"And the revolver," she put in; "is it really yours?"

He declared that it was. And he would have it again! He was emphatic.

She said she must go, hurriedly, he thought, and wondered again why she had come at this early hour. He wished after she had gone that he had asked her how she knew of his arrival in the city. He became nervous about that. Suppose the papers had gotten wind of this affair! He was about to ring and ask for the morning paper when Dr. Grange came in.

"Hello, Leck! How goes it?" he greeted him jollily.

Leck snarled. "See here, Grange," he exclaimed, "this is a fine way to treat a sick man! I have had no breakfast, no sleep, and I am in the hands of the police."

The doctor gave him a quick, searching glance. "Police," he repeated, "what do you mean?"

"What do they mean, that's what I want to know!" Leck snapped, thrusting a hand through his hair in a nervous frenzy. "I trust that I am a modest man, but I have some sense of dignity. And I have been treated like a common gunman, of the lowest type. I have been dragged from my bed in the dead hours of the night."

Grange listened incredulously. He was thinking that Leck was in a worse condition than he had expected to find him. Hallucinations were usually the last symptoms to develop in a case like this.

[Continued on page 27]



"Now for a good Arabian Night's sleep"

THOSE wise old Orientals know a thing or two. They have been studying for thousands of years how to get the most out of life.

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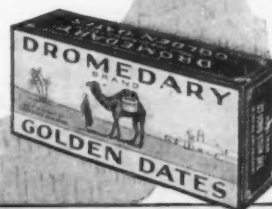
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For Halitosis use Listerine

The Jewel Aflame

[Continued from page 21]

patrolling the veranda; caught the faint fragrance of his briar pipe in the night air. "I think—I think it's love," she said under her breath. . . . "But he couldn't ever think of me—" always listening to his spurred tread below.

After a while she placed both bandaged feet on the rug. It hurt her, but she stood up, walked to the open window. She wanted to look at him—just a moment—By chance he looked up at that instant, and saw her pale face, like a flower in the starlight.

"Why Eve," he said, "you ought not to be on your feet."

"Once," she said, "you weren't so particular about my bruises."

Her breathless little voice coming down through the starlight thrilled him. "Do you remember what I did?" he asked.

"Yes. You bruised my hands and made my mouth bleed."

"I did penance—for your hands."

"Yes, you kissed them!"

What possessed her—what irresponsible exhilaration was inciting her to a daring utterly foreign to her nature? She heard herself laugh, knew that she was young, pretty, capable of provocation. And in a sudden, breathless sort of way an overwhelming desire seized her to please, to charm, to be noticed by such a man—whatever, on afterthought, he might think of the stepchild of Mike Clinch.

Stormont had come directly under her window and stood looking up. . . . "I dared not offer further penance," he said.

The emotion in his voice stirred her—but she was still laughing down at him. She said: "You did offer further penance—you offered your handkerchief. So—as that was all you offered as reparation for—my lips—"

"Eve! I could have taken you into my arms—"

"You did! And threw me down among the spruces. You really did everything that a contrite heart could suggest—"

"Good heavens!" said that rather matter-of-fact young man, "I don't believe you have forgiven me after all."

"I have—everything except the handkerchief—"

"Then I'm coming up to complete my penance—"

"I'll lock my door!"

"Would you?"

"I ought to. But if you are in great spiritual distress, and if you really and truly repent, and if you humbly desire to expiate your sin by doing penance—" She hesitated: "Do you so desire?"

"Yes, I do."

"Humbly? Contritely?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Say 'Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.'"

"Mea maxima culpa," he said so earnestly, looking up into her face, that she bent lower over the sill to see him.

"Let me come up, Eve," he said.

She strove to laugh, gazing down into his shadowy face. But suddenly the desire had left her—and all her gaiety left her too, suddenly, leaving only a still excitement in her breast.

"You—you knew I was just laughing," she said unsteadily. "You understood, didn't you?"

"I don't know."

After a silence: "I didn't mean you to take me seriously." She tried to laugh. It was no use. And, as she leaned there on the sill, her heart frightened her with its loud beating.

"Will you let me come up, Eve?"

No answer.

"Would you lock your door?"

"What do you think I'd do?" she asked.

"You know; I don't."

"Are you so sure I know what I'd do? I don't think either of us know our own minds. . . . I seem to have lost some of my wits. . . . Somehow. . . ."

"If you are not going to sleep, let me come up."

"I want you to take a walk down by the pond. And while you're walking there all by yourself, I want you to think very clearly, very calmly, and make up your mind whether I should remain awake to-night, or whether, when you return, I ought to be asleep—and my door bolted."

After a long pause: "All right," he said in a low voice.

She saw him walk away; saw his shadowy, well-built form fade into the starlit mist. An almost uncontrollable impulse set her lips and throat quivering with desire to call to him through the night, "I do love you! I do love you! Come back quickly, quickly—I!"

Fog hung over Star Pond, edging the veranda, rising in frail shreds to her window. The lapping of the water sounded very near. An owl was mournful in the hemlocks. The girl turned from the window, looked at the door for a moment,

then her face flushed and she walked toward a chair and seated herself, leaving the door unbolted.

For a little while she sat upright, alert, as though a little frightened. After a few moments she folded her hands and sat un-stirring, with lowered head, awaiting Destiny.

IV

IT came, noiselessly. And so swiftly that the rush of air from her violently opened door was what first startled her. For in that same second, Earl Leverett was upon her in his stockinged feet, one bony hand gripping her mouth, the other flung around her, pinning both arms to her sides.

"The packet!" he panted,—"quick, yeh dirty little cat, 'r I'll break yeh head off'n yeh damn neck!"

She bit at the hand that he held crushed against her mouth. He lifted her bodily, flung her onto the bed, and, twisting sheet and quilt around her, swathed her to the throat.

Still controlling her violently distorted lips with his left hand and holding her so, one knee upon her, he reached back, unsheathed his hunting knife, and pricked her throat till the blood spurted.

"Now, gol ram yeh!" he whispered fiercely, "where's Mike's packet? Yell, and I'll stick yeh fur fair! Where is it, you?"

He took his left hand from her mouth. The scarlet lips wreathed back, displaying her teeth clenched.

"Where's Mike's bundle?" he repeated, hoarse with rage and fear.

"You rat!" she gasped.

At that he closed her mouth again, and again he pricked her with his knife, cruelly. The blood welled up onto the sheets.

"Now, by Heaven!" he said in a ghastly voice, "answer or I'll stick yeh next time! Where is it? Where! Where!"

She only showed her teeth in answer. Her eyes flamed.

"Where! Quick! Gol ding yeh. It's in this Dump som'ers. I know it is—don't lie! You want that I should stick you good? That what you want—you little dump-slut! Well then, gol ram yeh—I'll fix yeh like Quintana was aimin' at—"

He slit the sheet downward from her imprisoned knees; seized one wounded foot and tried to slash the bandages.

"I'll cut a coupla toes off'n yeh," he snarled, struggling to mutilate her while she flung her helpless and entangled body from side to side and bit at the hand that was almost suffocating her. Unable to hold her any longer, he seized a pillow, to bury the venomous little head that writhed, biting, under his clutch.

As he lifted it he saw a packet lying under it.

"By God!" he panted.

As he seized it, she screamed for the first time: "Jack! Jack Stormont!"—and fairly hurled her helpless body at Leverett, striking him full in the face with her head.

Half stunned, still clutching the packet, he tried to stab her; but the armor of bedclothes turned the knife, although his violence dashed all breath out of her. Sick with the agony of it, speechless, she still made the effort; and, as he stumbled to his feet and turned to escape, she struggled upright, choking, blood running from the knife pricks in her neck.

With the remnant of her strength, and still writhing and gasping for breath, she tore herself from the sheets and blankets, reeled across the room to where Stormont's rifle stood, threw in a cartridge, dragged herself to the window.

Dimly she saw a figure in the night mist, flung her rifle across the window sill and fired. Then she fired again—or thought she did. There were two shots.

"Eve!" came Stormont's sharp cry, "what the dickens are you trying to do to me?"

His cry terrified her; the rifle clattered to the floor.

The next instant he came running up the stairs, bareheaded, heavy pistol swinging, and halted, horrified at sight of her.

"Eve! My God!" he whispered, taking her blood-wet body into his arms.

"Go after Leverett," she gasped. "He's robbed daddy. He's running away—out there—somewhere—"

"Where did he hurt you, Eve—my little Eve—"

"Oh, gol! gol!" she wailed—"I'm not hurt. He only pricked me with his knife. I'm not hurt, I tell you. Go after him. Take your pistol and follow him!"

"Oh," she cried hysterically, twisting and sobbing in his arms "don't lose time here with me! Don't stand here while he's running away with dad's money!" And, "Oh—oh!" she sobbed, collapsing in his arms and clinging to him convulsively as he carried her to her tumbled bed and laid her there.

He said: "I couldn't risk following anybody now, after what has happened to you. I can't leave you alone here! Don't cry,

Eve. I'll get your man for you, I promise! Don't cry dear. It was all my fault for leaving this room even for a minute—"

"No, no! It's my fault. I sent you away. Oh, I wish I hadn't. I wish I had let you come back when you wanted to. . . . I was waiting for you. I left the door unbolted for you. When it opened I thought it was you. And it was Leverett!—it was Leverett!"

Stormont's face grew very white: "What did he do to you, Eve? Tell me, darling. What did he do to you?"

"Dad's money was under my pillow," she wailed. "Leverett tried to make me tell where it was. I wouldn't and he hurt me—"

"How?"

"He pricked me with his knife. When I screamed for you, he tried to choke me with the pillow. Didn't you hear me scream?"

"Yes. I came on the jump."

"It was too late," she sobbed,—"too late. He saw the money packet under my pillow and he snatched it and ran. Somehow I found your rifle and fired. I fired twice."

Her only bullet had torn his campaign hat from his head. But he did not tell her.

"Let me see your neck," he said, bending closer.

She bared her throat, making a soft, vague complaint like a hurt bird—lay there whimpering under her breath while he bathed the blood away with lint, sterilized the two cuts from his emergency packet and bound them.

He was still bending low over her when her blue eyes unclosed on his. "This is the second time I've tried to kill you," she whispered. "I thought it was Leverett. . . . I'd have died if I had killed you."

There was a silence.

"Lie very still," he said huskily. "I'll be back in a moment to rebandage your feet and make you comfortable for the night."

"I can't sleep," she repeated desolately. "Dad trusted his money to me and I've let Leverett rob me. How can I sleep?"

"I'll bring something to make you sleep."

"I can't."

"I promise you you will. Lie still."

He rose, went away downstairs and out to the barn, where his campaign hat lay in the weeds, drilled through by a bullet. . . . There was something else lying there in the weeds—a flat, muddy, shoeless shape sprawling grotesquely in the foggy starlight. One hand clutched a hunting knife; the other a packet.

Stormont drew the packet from the stiff fingers, then turned the body over, and, flashing his electric torch, examined the ratty visage—what remained of it—for his pistol bullet had crashed through from ear to cheek-bone, almost obliterating the robber's features. . . .

Stormont came slowly into Eve's room and laid the packet on the sheet beside her. . . . "Now," he said, "there is no reason for you to lie awake any longer. I'll fix you up for the night."

Defly he unbanded, bathed, dressed, and rebandaged her slim white feet—little wounded feet so lovely, so exquisite that his hand trembled as he touched them.

"They're doing fine," he said cheerily. "You've half a degree of fever and I'm going to give you something to drink before you go to sleep—"

He poured out a glass of water, dissolved two tablets, supported her shoulders while she drank in a dazed way, looking always at him over the glass.

"Now," he said, "go to sleep. I'll be on the job outside your door until your daddy arrives."

"How did you get back dad's money?" she asked in an odd, emotionless way as though too weary for further surprises.

"I'll tell you in the morning."

"Did you kill him? I didn't hear your pistol."

"I'll tell you all about it in the morning. Good night, Eve."

As he bent over her, she looked up into his eyes and put both her arms around his neck. It was her first kiss given to any man, except Mike Clinch.

After Stormont had gone out and closed the door, she lay very still for a long time. Then, instinctively, she touched her lips with her fingers; and, at the contact, a blush clothed her from brow to ankle.

The Flaming Jewel in its morocco casket under her pillow burned with no purer fire than the enchanted flame glowing in the virgin heart of Eve Strayer of Clinch's Dump.

Thus they lay together, two lovely flaming jewels burning softly, steadily, through the misty splendor of the night.

Under a million stars, Death sprawled in squalor among the trampled weeds. Under the same high stars dark mountains waited; and there was a silvery sound of waters stirring somewhere in the mist.

"Clinch's Dump," Episode No. 7 in the "Flaming Jewel" series, to appear in next month's McCall's

Re-enter Mama

[Continued from page 9]

"Oh, mother dear, would you mind if Leen and I beat it right up to our rooms? I have so many things to tell her."

In her own room, Madge's hand posed over the paper for a long time before it penned her few formal words of invitation. And having written them, she sat at her desk until after midnight, vacantly contemplating the future.

Somehow it seemed to her that her world and her generation were slipping away from her—slipping away as though the earth itself had dropped from under her feet and gone sailing off into space without her.

MORNING brightened her dream-blackened sleep into a golden awakening. Still more of last night's trouble slipped off as, at the breakfast-table, a radiant, early-morning Margot hugged her hard and then fell into inconsequent chatter. A peal of the doorbell brought Margot's memory back to her guest.

"Oh poor Leen!" she said remorsefully. "I'll get the tray ready, myself, mother, and take it right up to her. Oh, a special delivery, Thomas. Is it for me?"

"No, Miss Delceuvre, your mother."
"Why it's from Mrs. Fisher!" came instantly to Madge's lips. But some instinct stopped those words at the tip of the tongue. . . . Madge left Margot arranging a spray of roses across the tray; hastened to her own room.

Dear, dear Mrs. Delceuvre:

I don't know how I am going to tell you what I've got to tell you, or how I am going to find the words to phrase it tact-

fully. I am so hurried and worried and I shall be so much interrupted. First let me say that the doctors advise a trip to Europe for Mr. Fisher, that we are sailing at once, that I'm taking Nancy with me; and then let me say that in what follows I am not criticising Margot "one atom" more than Nancy.

This afternoon, a note, addressed to Nancy in a strange handwriting, a man's, fell out of the pocket of her coat into my hands. I read it. It aroused my suspicion, and after a long session with her she told me the whole story.

When Margot was here in the spring, I let the two girls go alone twice a week to the matinee. Always it seems, although I knew nothing about this, they went to tea together afterward at the Fitzroy. In some way, they got acquainted—it was through Eileen Long—with two young men. From that time forward, the two girls met these men for dancing. Nothing more serious than this happened—I am sure of that. But the men kept up a correspondence with them—clandestine of course—Miss Long got the letters to them. Their names are Henry Lonigan—they call him "Hal"—and George Jimsoe—"Ginger." I cannot discover that either of these men has any regular business. They belong apparently to a class of men who live by gambling and betting, who linger about tearooms and dance-halls in the hope of marrying women with money. Nancy's affair had not apparently progressed so far as Margot's. Nancy thinks they're engaged.

I do not believe you realize how Margot has developed in the last few months. In many ways she is a remarkable girl. She's

[Continued on page 34]

A New Year's Message

[Continued from page 2]

known as a corset, if she chooses. She may wear soft, pliable garments that give her perfect physical freedom and complete physical comfort. She need not try to walk the streets, to enter a car, or to climb a fence, so hampered by clothing that she is in danger of breaking her neck. Among a world of other tardy realizations the world has come to realize at last that every woman has two legs and that these legs, in all probability, are proportionate to the remainder of her frame. There is no longer any curiosity concerning them; they are absolutely prevalent—common as arms or heads. And the world has consented that she may cover them with skirts, breeches or Turkish trousers, as she pleases. For generations doctors have been complaining about women hurting themselves physically through the restrictions of their modes of dressing. It certainly is amusing, when unforeseen circumstances bring about a change from these much-lamented conditions, that the change should, in many quarters, meet with the same or even a higher degree of lamentation.

Granting that conditions so outlined exist at least in a noticeable degree, it stands to reason that nineteen twenty-two holds in store for matured women the greatest opportunities that women ever have known.

There is only one restraining factor, but that happens to be a factor of insurmountable importance. If any nation is to be a power among other nations spiritually, economically and physically, if it is to predominate in those things which culminate in making any nation powerful at home and abroad; before armaments, before great business can develop greatly, it must have sons and daughters. However far afield women may range spiritually, economically, physically, in order to make our nation the great power it should be our men and women have got to learn that it is quite impossible for women to discard motherhood. If we are to advance to that world leadership which seems so nearly in our grasp, someone must begin teaching the boys and girls of the coming generation that they must found homes, that they must rear children. There is no question but that some childless homes are a pitiful necessity. Conversely, there is no question but that many childless homes are the result of shameful selfishness—thoughtless indulgence on the part of men, self-indulgence on the part of women. Whenever our country reaches the place where a majority of its women refuse to found homes, to bear and to rear the sons and daughters requisite for the carrying on of the work of our nation, then we fall; we become the prey of any nation whose women are willing to immolate self to a degree which inspires them to carry on the good old-fashioned institution of home—that place where one man and one woman combine the greatest interest in

their lives in a union of mind, heart and body for the purpose of bearing and rearing a family. The pioneer days, when families ranging from twelve to twenty in number were usual, have passed. The country now has been developed and populated to such an extent that if each family would bear and rear to patriotic citizenship four or five children, we could advance with assurance to the place we covet among the nations of the world.

Life seems to swing from one extreme to another, greatly like a pendulum. Our grandmothers wrestled with the soil and very frequently performed all their household tasks and reared at least a dozen children beside. A sufficient degree of their hardships fell upon the shoulders of their daughters and bred rebellion. They seemed to have determined that their daughters should be ladies of the field in the most extreme symbolic sense of the term.

One need only compare the average girl of today with her grandmother, or even with her mother, physically, to realize my meaning. Ask any obstetrician how a child of the average girl of today compares in size and strength with the child borne by her grandmother, and you will have an answer that spells rapid deterioration. Ask how the delivery of a young wife of today compares with that of her grandmother, and you will have a subject worthy of deep thought. It is a cruel and a wicked thing that the young women of today should suffer the extreme tortures that they are being forced to endure in the performance of a function that was intended to be natural and not unduly disagreeable. Ask why a heavy per cent. of the young mothers of today cannot nurse their babies, and why another appalling condition exists, and you will have information that should arouse you to action.

It is very well to fight for the restoration of normal prices and wages. It is infinitely more necessary that a fight should be begun for a return to normal home life. If the mature women of the coming year can do something to save the young girls from becoming blasé society women in their early teens, if they can interest them in school and college work, in church work, in benevolences, in nature study, in sane and reasonable athletics, in interesting and wholesome amusements, it will be the most beneficial work that can possibly be performed for our country as a whole. What we need most as a nation is perfect physical specimens of girlhood, full breasted, red lipped, rosy cheeked by the grace of God. On every hand one sees today underdeveloped, painted, anemic, over sophisticated girls, half clothed, dancing risqué dances, and carrying cigarette cases and even flasks. If the mature women of nineteen twenty-two can institute a movement to save and to restore healthful innocent girlhood, they will have done the greatest work that can be done today.

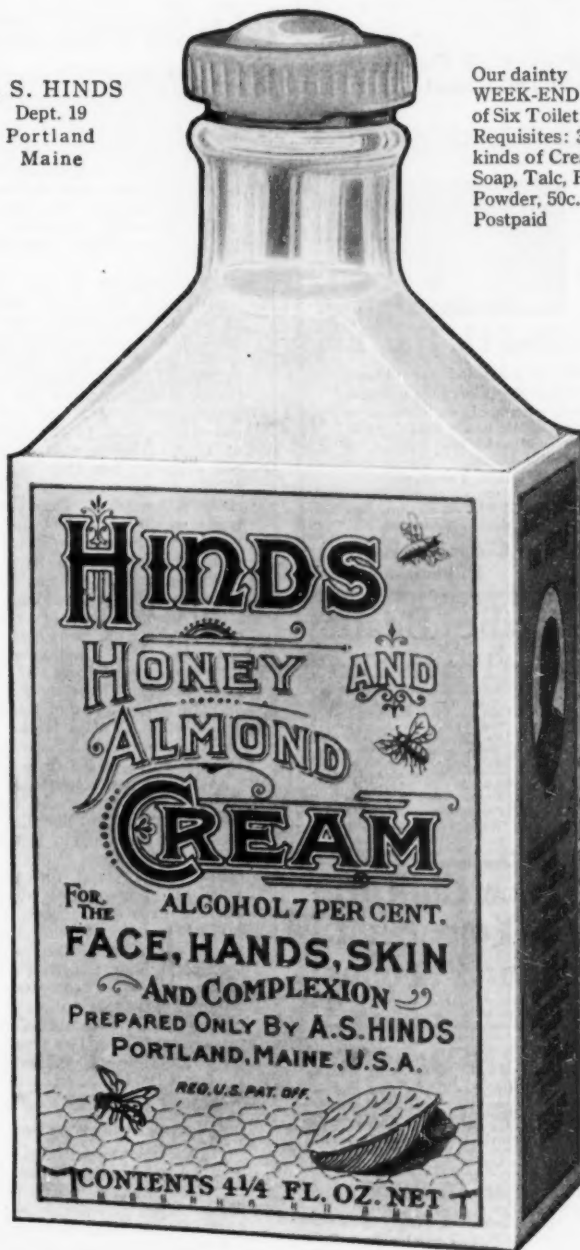
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What Was Your Child Born With?

By Estelle De Young Barr

HOW often does the woman who is embroidering a tiny white dress picture to herself a baby possessing only the best points in the family? "I hope he will have a nose like his father's and will be tall and strong like him. And perhaps he had better have eyes like mine; and skin, too. In cleverness perhaps he had better be like his Uncle Bob, who is the best business man in the family." And so, feature by feature and trait by trait, choosing only the best, the mother visualizes her child.

But mother's dreams are not the laws of heredity—what a Utopia this world would be if they were! Some of the dreams come true and some do not. Some of the fears come true.

What strange and hidden forces determine what the child shall be? No one knows. Scientists are only beginning to guess the simplest of the secrets of heredity. Since the beginning of mankind family resemblance has been wondered at, but the why and the how are still unknown. Perhaps it is because the secrets of heredity are so close to the secret of life itself.

A BLEND OF ALL HIS ANCESTORS

Chance or fate or fortune seems to rule over the laws of heredity. If every son were absolutely "the image of his father" or every daughter like her mother—at least if every child were an equal combination of both parents—then the laws of heredity would be tolerable. But unexpected talents and weaknesses, strengths and frailties, beauties and defects come out of the unknown!

The unknown is back in the years. The child is a composite picture, a living blend of characteristics mental and physical, of the parents; and also, in diminishing degrees, of the grandparents, of the great-grandparents, of the great-great-grandparents; of all the generations back to the beginning of time. The parents contribute the elements, but they may contribute many which they do not show in themselves. They bequeath traits which are latent in them, which they themselves do not possess but which come from their parents and those before. It is as if some family heirloom were locked up in a treasure chest and only some of the generations have the magic key. And chance determines which baby of which generation shall have the key, perhaps to the oak box of the home-spun virtues, perhaps to the treasure chest of beautiful eyes or the treasure chest of the divine spark.

What is the storehouse of all these potentialities, of the tendencies? The answer seems almost like that of predestination. In every human being and in most plants and animals, there is a special organism, a special formation of tissue, called the germ-plasm, which is so complicated in structure and so highly organized that it contains the particles or atoms which are destined to form the succeeding individual, even to minute details of appearance or character. The germ-plasm which goes to make up the new person is really a combination of the germ-plasms of the two parents. Certain physical-chemical combinations rearrange the particles in the cells in a new single cell.

WHAT DETERMINES YOUR CHILD'S HEREDITY?

In the minute particles of this new cell, destined to become the new individual, are contained what are called "determiners." These determiners decide just exactly what kind of baby shall be born. They determine not only what part of the cell shall become hands but what shape hands they

THIS is the first of a series of articles to be contributed to McCall's Magazine by Mrs. Barr, whose varied experience as child psychologist in schools, institutions, clinics and courts and as the mother of two children of her own, admirably fits her to advise other mothers in regard to the care and training of little ones.

Mrs. Barr was at one time psychologist at the Experimental School, New York, and psychological assistant at the Vanderbilt Clinic and she examined hundreds of children for the famous New York Children's Court. All mothers will be vitally interested in her articles, another of which will appear in a future number of McCall's.

shall be. They determine the potential ability of the mechanic or of the violinist. They determine a Theda Bara soul or a Mary Pickford soul.

Hints of the mysterious ways of these determiners are beginning to be disclosed. Some of these determiners are contributed by the father, some by the mother, directly from their own germ-plasm cells which they in turn received from their respective parents. The determiners from each parent



are not always equal in strength. The determiner for light hair is often likely to prove weaker than the determiner for dark hair, or as it is put, dark hair in a family is more likely to be inherited than light hair.

Then there are the strange "sex-linked characters," as they are called. For some reason or other, certain traits seem to be connected in some irrelevant way with sex. Women who are color-blind are very rare but many women who are not color-blind have sons—but not daughters—suffering from this defect. The determiners for color-blindness apparently may be present in the germ-plasm of a woman without her being color-blind and she may pass them on to her son but not to her daughter except in rare cases where similar determiners are strong on the other side.

Traits of the mind and of the spirit are similarly inherited; that is, those which arise from the physical structure of the brain, the nervous system and the body. Just as tall parents are more likely to have tall children; just as dark-eyed, dark-haired parents are more likely to have similarly

colored children, so intelligent parents are more likely to have intelligent children. It is not always possible to foretell whether the son of a painter will be a painter, or the son of a journalist or novelist will be a writer, but he is more than likely to be mentally gifted in some particular field, perhaps one as far removed as astronomy. Investigations have tended to show that eminence does run in families. In England Galton has traced family histories finding among the relatives of great men like the great naturalist, Darwin, other eminent members, astronomers, lawyers, writers, successful business men and statesmen. The family trees of certain old New England families have born similar fruit.

What was your child born with? He was born with a body and brain made up of elements inherited from his parents and the ages. But his inheritance is not his ultimate fate. Struck by the wonders of resemblance in families we have come to feel that children must follow in the footsteps of their parents; that they must be weak to the same temptations, susceptible to the same sicknesses, subject to the same emotional crises. Before the child is born, the mother can only dream of brightness and beauty. When the child begins to grow up, she cannot drive away the fears that the worst moments in her life and that of her husband may be repeated in the lives of the children. There is such resignation to the inevitable that the inevitable comes.

If there is some trait in the children who resemble us that we hope they will not have, we must not feel that heredity is final. Diseases are not inherited, say the most modern scientists; only the physical structure which predisposes to disease may be inherited. Neither is acquired skill inherited; a great pianist cannot transmit his art to his children.

ENVIRONMENT A MIGHTY FACTOR

Against the forces of heredity is set the power of environment. Science has so far found it impossible to study the laws of heredity in human beings without considering environment. Mendel, the discoverer of the first great laws of heredity, studied peas in his garden. Biologists are studying white mice or flies. In human beings, the elements that go to make up the individual are so complicated, so discouragingly numerous and experimentation so impracticable, that the exact laws of inheritance are not understood. In many cases there is confusion between the influence of environment and innate or inherited ability. We can understand the Prince of Wales, but can we understand Lincoln?

Only the hopelessly defective cannot be strengthened and their inheritance modified. Frailty can be eliminated by patient and wise training. Sometimes all that needs to be done to shield a son from repeating the mistakes of his father is to avoid placing him in the same surroundings. And even when the surroundings are against him, he may rise to conquer them.

Environment can destroy as well as build. Were the strength and vision which built the great industrial empire of this country transmitted to the children of the pioneers? Or were they transmitted, and then undermined by ease and luxury?

A child is not bound down by the commonplaces of his family history. Out of the most uneventful lives of mother and father there have sprung children who made history. White light, when it is broken up, becomes a rainbow; into the most colorless human inheritances may come at any time that sudden prism of opportunity that dazzles the world with color.

Don Quixote in a Flivver

[Continued from page 23]

"What were you doing with a revolver?" he asked, much as if he had said, "Let me see your tongue."

"Don't ask me what I was doing with the thing. I refuse to tell!" Leck retorted impatiently, and went on developing his hallucination beautifully from the doctor's point of view.

"What I want you to do, Grange, is to see McTyre. Tell him the circumstances, ask him to get hold of McShane and take charge of the case when it comes up in the police court this afternoon. I think he will do that much for me."

"All right. I'll attend to that," Grange answered soothingly.

SOMETIME after five o'clock Grange returned. He was grinning with huge satisfaction. The blood count, all the laboratory tests were entirely favorable, he announced.

"What you need is rest, man! You have been working too hard for thirty years. We have both atoned long ago for our graceless youth!" he went on, getting out his stethoscope.

"Did you see McTyre?" Leck demanded.

"Er, why, yes, of course, don't give that affair another thought. Everything is arranged," Grange jibbed, taken aback at the persistence of the patient's hallucination.

"I have not seen or heard from McShane," Leck insisted.

"He will turn up presently," Grange assured him.

"Nor the revolver," Leck added.

"You'll get it," Grange answered, and began the examination at once by way of changing the subject.

He was disturbed to find that the blood pressure had increased, that the pulse was weak and very rapid. He sat back in the chair and regarded his patient gravely.

"Do you know a young woman here, named Dorothy Rice?" Leck asked, out of a clear sky.

"Not personally, no, but I know of such a person; why?" Grange answered, surprised.

"She was in here this morning."

"She was!"

"Yes, very pleasant young woman. I had a nice talk with her."

"Oh, you did, did you?" Grange exclaimed. "What did you tell her?"

"I don't quite remember."

"Do you mean that you gave Dolly Rice an interview?" Grange demanded.

"An interview!" Leck shouted, sitting up and staring, horrified, at his physician.

"Oh, yes, you did," Grange groaned, thinking how useless it was to try to protect a lunatic.

"That girl is the smartest, most unscrupulous reporter in this town, and she is connected with the *Tocsin*, a renegade paper here, edited by a rascal. It is the organ of the corrupt element."

At this moment a shrill cry sounded in the street below: "Professor Leck bound over to the Criminal Court! Famous philosopher arrested for carrying concealed weapon!"

For one instant the anguished eyes of Leck met the eyes of his doctor, which bulged with amazement. Then Leck closed his, and Grange came hastily to his feet. Not until this moment had he believed Leck's story of the detective and the pistol. He must get McTyre at once. This was a serious matter.

After he had gone, Leck lay perfectly still staring at the ceiling. Before the end of another day the press all over the country would carry that abominable story. What would the world think of him?

The door opened noiselessly. He heard a step in the room. "It's me, Barney, sir," came a hoarse whisper.

Leck turned over and stared up into the face of Barney McShane. The eyes were bloodshot. The lower jaw stuck out long and thin. For savage ferocity this countenance could not have been surpassed. It seemed to be thirsting for vengeance.

"Barney!" Leck exclaimed tremulously.

"What did they do to you?"

"Fined me the last cent of the one hundred dollars we put up for my bond," he answered.

Leck groaned.

"But that ain't a circumstance to what they done to you, sir!" he went on. "Jowls claimed you admitted to him the gun belonged to you."

"I did," Leck interrupted.

"You shouldn't have done that, sir. What happens to me don't count. But they bound you over to the Criminal Court for carrying concealed weapons. The *Tocsin* has got it on the front page that you are to be arrested as soon as you are able to leave the hospital."

"Yes, I know. Don't talk about it!" Leck entreated in a despairing voice.

"Well, I got something to talk about," McShane announced, seating himself.

For the next thirty minutes he whispered sibilantly while Leck cocked his eyes sideways at him and listened in astonishment.

"I have seen 'em in there with my own eyes. I've heard 'em with these ears!" He whacked one of his ears for emphasis.

"I am a man of experience, sir, as you are a man of no more than thoughts. I know the bad in men as you believe in the good. All I ask is your consent!" he concluded, and waited anxiously.

"I don't know, I don't know!" Leck mused painfully.

"You don't have to know a thing about it. You just lay here and rest. I'll swear to you, sir, it'll turn out virtuous!"

"Very well, then, you have my consent," Leck agreed feebly.

"I'll report tomorrow, sir," McShane said, hurrying out.

Leck got out of bed, turned on the light, went over to his handbag, rummaged hastily in it, and drew out a package of papers, one clean and recently folded, the other soiled and yellow with age.

He went back to his bed, sat up in it, put on his glasses and unfolded the dingy one. This was a warrant, dated four years previous to this time, and called for the arrest of one S. R. Sims, who was wanted by the police for robbing the express office at Stemsom. In the upper left hand corner was posted a small cheap photograph.

Leck stared at this picture intently. And as he stared an expression of appalling conviction deepened in his mild, scholarly face. He wagged his head and sighed. Then he unfolded the other paper, and held it to the light. He began to read it aloud, but no louder than the voice of a man's conscience: "State of Georgia, Stemsom County:—I, Altemus Leck, of said County, being appointed Deputy Sheriff of said county, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute all writs, warrants, precepts, and processes which come into my hands, directed to the Sheriff of said County and State, and his lawful deputies, and true returns make, and in all things, well and truly and without malice or partiality, perform all the duties of deputy sheriff of said county, coming into my hands as such deputy sheriff, during my continuance in office, and take only the fees allowed by law, SO HELP ME GOD!"

Leck was sure Dempsey had never intended that he should perform any of the duties of this office. It had been Dempsey's facetious way of expressing his friendship. He had loaned him the revolver, and to cover any possible question about Leck's having the gun in his possession, he had appointed him Deputy Sheriff. And he had given him this old warrant to execute, merely as a joke, since the search for Sims had long since been abandoned.

It was not enough that he had been humiliated, persecuted by the disgusting publicity which had attended his arrival in Nickville, he must perform a duty out of all keeping with his character, a low and abominable duty, abhorrent to his nature.

BARNEY was with him again for an hour early in the morning. He listened with amazement to Barney's account of his adventure the night before.

"I've got the evidence," Barney assured him. "Scribbled down as much as I could of what they said on paper. I've got enough to send every man of 'em to the pen for twenty years. It's a corporation, a stock-company of thieves and blackmailers. They declare dividends every Saturday night. That's tonight," he finished, regarding his master with feverish suspense.

"Tonight," Leck repeated, solemnly.

"I can't pull it off by myself," Barney went on. "I'd never trust an officer of this town, nor the best citizen in it. They have lost their nerve, afraid of their 'past,' something the *Tocsin* may rake up and publish. That's what keeps 'em submissive. The *Tocsin* is owned and controlled by the gang. Now you, sir, have no 'past.' You are as innocent as a babe. They can't handle you. You are not afraid, sir?"

Suppose this was really the reason he hesitated, Leck asked himself, and flushed to the roots of his white hair.

"All I ask is for you to be present. I'll do the rough work," McShane assured him.

"There must be no rough work, Barney!"

"Well, I'll not answer for that, sir, if you are not with me. For I mean to break into that meeting tonight as sure as my name is McShane!"

That settled it. Besides, there was the duty he had sworn to perform, of which Barney knew nothing as yet.

"At ten o'clock?" McShane insisted.

"How will I get out of here?" Leck wanted to know.

"Ain't you a free man? Besides, the hospital is quiet by that time. You can go down the back stairs. I'll meet you just outside with the car. And I'll have you back here before midnight, safe and sound."

"No, I shall not return," Leck informed him. "I shall do my duty and start at once for Stemsom."

[Continued on page 29]

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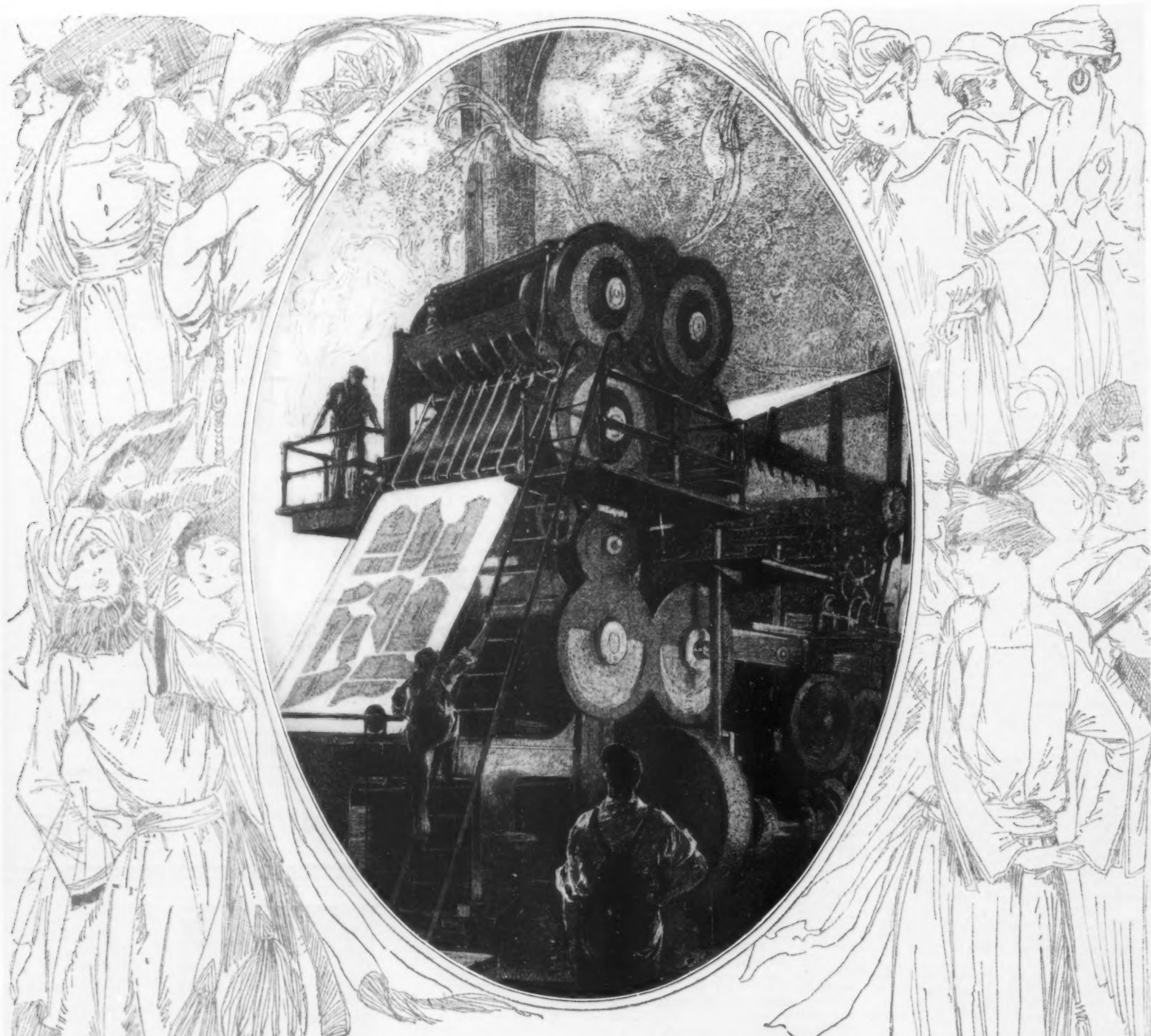
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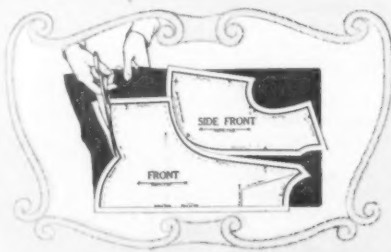
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2352..	30	2371..	40	2390..	30
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2360..	30	2379..	20	2398..	45
2361..	45	2380..	20	2399..	30
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2418..	30	2453..	30	2488..	30
2419..	45	2454..	45	2489..	35
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2428..	45	2463..	20	2498..	25
2429..	40	2464..	20	2499..	25
2430..	25	2465..	30	2500..	45
2431..	25	2466..	30	2501..	40
2432..	30	2467..	30	2502..	25
2433..	25	2468..	30	2503..	45
2434..	25	2469..	40	2504..	25
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2437..	45	2472..	45	2507..	35
2438..	40	2473..	35	2508..	45
2439..	45	2474..	40	2509..	45
2440..	30	2475..	40	2510..	45



Don Quixote in a Flivver

[Continued from page 27]

"Suits me," Barney agreed.

"Who is the Solicitor General, do you know?" Leck asked after a moment.

"A man named McTyre. Got an office in the same building where we are going," McShane told him.

"Well, call up McTyre, early this evening. Tell him Professor Leck is leaving town and wishes to see him at his office tonight at eleven o'clock. He knows me. He will understand, or because he does not understand he will be there."

"We are all set then. Don't forget the gun. Grange got it back for you, didn't he? I always carry one," Barney said.

Shortly after ten o'clock that night two shadows stood in a dark room—evidently a storage place of some kind—in one of the office buildings on a downtown street in Nickville. Nothing of them was visible except the white head and face of Professor Leck, and the grim jaws of Barney McShane, as they both stared up at the transom of a door. This transom was made of green glass. It was so turned as to be a perfect mirror of what was going on in the next room, which was brilliantly lighted, as well as to admit very clearly the sounds of the conversation going on there.

They saw three men seated about a table, and one standing aside. Leck recognized Babson at the head of this table—older by ten years, but wearing still the same dog-face smile.

"That's Lije Leak, editor of the *Tocsin*, sitting by the judge," he whispered.

Neither of them knew the third man, whose back was turned to them. But there was no mistaking the amorphous figure of Jowls standing behind Babson's chair, a lackey of the law who was now playing the part of henchman to the arch criminal.

"How much?" Babson called out.

"One hundred dollars, even," the third man answered, placing a stack of bills in the center of the table.

"Not so bad," Babson commented.

"Jowls, you made a flash in the pan of that old fellow in the hospital. You should have got him for at least a hundred," Leck said, turning to Jowls.

"It was a ticklish job, Mr. Leck," the detective answered, grinning. "That old duffer was so innocent he didn't know what I was trying to do to him."

"Good thing he didn't," Babson retorted. "I know Leck, studied under him four years. He'd never stand for a rake-off."

Leck moved, Barney clutched him. "Keep still! I'm taking this down. That rotten egg is giving us some mighty good copy!" he hissed.

There followed a division of the loot, and a discussion of the victims who had contributed it. Then Lije Leak flung himself back in his chair, drummed his fingers on the table and swept a challenging look around. "What about a little game?" he suggested. This was agreeable. The cards were dealt, and the game began.

"Take care! Take care! Now's the time," Barney whispered.

The next moment there was a crash, and the four men at the table faced two men in the doorway. Leck's gun was waving like a bough in the wind. The little man was prancing with rage, every hair erect, his blue eyes blazing from face to face.

"Hold 'em, Barney, hold 'em! Till I get in behind 'em!" he shouted.

"Hands up! First man that moves will never move again!" McShane announced coolly with his gun pointing steadily.

Professor Leck skipped nimbly to the rear.

"You'll think before you meddle again with Barney McShane! You—"

"None of that, Barney!" Leck commanded. "We represent the dignity of the Law. Sims, I have a warrant for your arrest," he announced, turning to Jowls and waving the paper under his nose. "You are wanted in Stimson for robbing the express office in 1916."

For one moment Barney stared at Leck in amazement, then, "Are we ready?" he demanded.

"Hold on gentlemen," Babson exclaimed thickly. "This is Professor Leck, isn't it? I scarcely recognized you, Professor."

"I knew you at once, Babson—I always had my doubts about you. But nothing as bad as this. This is abominable!" Leck retorted in his class-lecture voice.

"Now, sir, you keep right in behind 'em, and shoot the first man that stops, hesitates or drops his hands," McShane said.

The procession started, McShane stepping backward with drawn revolver. Leck bringing up the rear with the nose of his gun not three inches from Jowls' back.

Thus they descended one flight of stairs, passed along the silent hallway to the door of McTyre's office, which was half open.

McShane backed in, drawing his prisoners after him.

"God bless my soul, what does this mean?" McTyre exclaimed, as he recognized his silent visitors, every man with his hands up, eyes forward, resting on McShane's gun.

Then he caught sight of Leck standing on the threshold, mopping his face with a fine white handkerchief, one eye squinted at him above his handkerchief, and still holding limply a revolver in his right hand.

He thrust the handkerchief in his pocket, closed the door, locked it and removed the key. Then he began advancing with his prancing rostrum step toward McTyre, speaking as he came, in formal tones, as if he were about to introduce the speaker of the evening.

"Mr. Solicitor General, I am grieved to disturb you at this hour, but I have been obliged to perform a disagreeable duty," he said, offering McTyre two folded papers.

McTyre, as it happened, opened the affidavit first.

"As you see, I am deputy sheriff of Stimson County," Leck explained. "And the warrant you hold is for this man, who calls himself Jowls. His name is S. R. Sims. He is wanted for robbing the express office at Stimson in 1916."

McTyre, dazed, stared from the photograph to Jowls. Leck went on with his speech: "While I was about it, I took these other prisoners. They are even more guilty," he said.

"You understand, of course, McTyre," Babson cut in, dropping one hand to tap his forehead significantly, and immediately stretching it up again at a snarl from Barney.

"Evidently he has escaped from the hospital—huge joke on us, but no harm done," Leck added, winking at McTyre, and backing toward the door.

"Stop!" growled McShane.

"Barney will hold them while I explain. Where are the records, Barney?" This from Professor Leck. McShane tossed a roll of papers on the table.

McTyre's eyes skipped nimbly through several pages, then he raised them to Leck. "You say you are a deputy sheriff?" he asked incredulously.

Leck nodded and tapped the paper on the desk, which confirmed his appointment. "Most preposterous thing I ever heard of," McTyre muttered.

"I think so too," Leck agreed.

Then he told him why and how he came to take the remaining prisoners. "You will find everything there in the records, just as they said it—the infamous plans they discussed for blackmailing your citizens—everything but the thousand dollars, which lies on the table in Babson's office. We have only disturbed the game. We left the money and the cards as evidence."

McTyre did not look again at the prisoners. It was as if he had drawn a sheet over their faces. "Step this way, Leck," he said, withdrawing to his inner office.

They were closeted there ten minutes. Then McTyre went to the telephone, and called police headquarters.

"It's a shameful state of affairs you have permitted, McTyre," Leck said reproachfully.

"Well, you've delivered your native city, old man, but you've split it wide open. We have known what was going on, but none of us had the courage to interfere," he added gravely.

They heard the officers entering the next room. McTyre went out. Presently he returned.

"They are gone, handcuffed, and with them goes the good name of three of the best families in this city," he said.

"Mine is not so good as it was," Leck shot back.

"Your name, my friend, will reflect from this day the lustre of a real man's courage," McTyre said.

An hour later a little old roadster was flying along a silent moon-lit road.

"Barney, I was not ill after all," Leck remarked agreeably.

"No, sir. It was your thoughts that were pressing you down. Nothing like a little healthy man-action to take the lid off," McShane answered.

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30

Electric Freedom

By James Henle

FROM cellar to attic electricity has made its way, taking over burden after burden from the shoulders of the tired housewife.

As a result, today, in many households, electricity is called upon to help throughout the week—from early morning on Washday until Sunday supper is over and the dishes washed and put away.

Electrically-driven power-machines of various makes are now on the market which do your washing for you and wring the clothes until they are ready for drying. Then they may be put into an electric dryer, after which they can be ironed in a modern electric ironer that in one hour does the work of five and with less than one-fifth the fatigue. For the little "extras" that are continually coming up to be ironed, innumerable American housewives today use an electric iron that gets hot in a jiffy and that can be attached wherever there is an electric socket.

NEXT to washing clothes probably the most disagreeable job about a home is washing dishes.

Today, however, the housewife has her choice of a number of machines that will relieve her of this drudgery. All she has to do is to scrape the dishes and put them in the washer. Clean hot water and electricity do the rest, and the dishes come out dried and ready to be put away. The makers of these machines claim, and they have a great deal with which to back up this contention, that the chances of breaking dishes by this method are practically negligible, and that not only is this a cleaner, quicker, more scientific way of "clearing up" after meals, but that it safeguards precious china and glassware against careless handling.

Nearly everyone is familiar with the little electrical contrivances which have proved themselves such great conveniences in the kitchen and the dining room. The electrical toaster provides fine, golden-brown toast in a few moments. The electrical egg boiler permits you to prepare the rest of the breakfast without troubling about the eggs—a turn of the switch attends to them. The electric chafing dish is one servant that does not object to staying up late for the after-theatre supper. The electric grill will prepare your luncheon right on the dining room table. The electric coffee percolator, as well as the electric tea samovar, are well known. The electric waffle iron and the electric plate warmer have won their friends. In many kitchens an attachment upon the faucets at the sink is supplying hot water instantly whenever it is desired. Even ice cream is now made by electricity in a new electric freezer.

In recent years, however, more and more housewives have come to rely exclusively on electricity in the kitchen and are doing all their cooking—boiling, broiling, frying, even baking—by means of electric stoves. This is particularly true in communities where companies supplying electric current make special rates for this use, as otherwise the cost is likely to be considerable. The electric stove has the endorsement of many domestic science experts, since it permits the housewife to

regulate the heat of the oven precisely, and to maintain a constant temperature of the required degree. And, of course, the electric stove, like every other bit of electrical apparatus, eliminates soot and dirt and bother.

Electricity has one further use in the kitchen. It is no longer necessary to tax the muscles of one's arms grinding coffee, beating eggs, mixing dough, etc. A substitute method is offered in the form of a power unit that can be attached to almost any kitchen implement and that can be shifted from coffee grinder to meat grinder at will.

AN electric vacuum cleaner not only provides a simple, sanitary means of sweeping the rugs and carpets of your home, but can also be adapted very easily to upholstery, hangings, moldings—even clothes. This means that it is no longer necessary to set aside one day a week for cleaning; with the help of electricity what used to take an entire day is now accomplished in little more than an hour.

Sewing is another important part of the good housewife's weekly routine—and the twentieth century woman does not have to depend upon the foot pedal. She is definitely released from that by the electric machine.

Nor has baby been neglected. For his room there are a number of interesting electrical appliances, beginning with the electric heating pad and extending through to a miniature electric washer, occupying a floor space only fourteen inches square and designed to do baby's washing. There is a tiny electric fan for baby's room, and, for cooler weather, an electric radiator. With one of these in the house Mother can be certain that, no matter what happens to the main heating apparatus, baby will be cared for and will be able to dress and undress in a warm, cosy room. Of course, adults too have become accustomed to the electric fan and to the electric radiator. Then there is an electric milk warmer which in three minutes has the milk ready at the proper feeding temperature.

But no housewife is interested merely in housework. She may use an electric curling iron and an electric vibrator; she can dry her hair with an electric dryer.

The cost of using this equipment is very moderate. To be sure, rates for electricity vary in different parts of the country, but an electric iron is not likely to cost more than two and one-half to four cents an hour to operate. An electric sewing machine, it has been estimated, will make 300,000 stitches for one cent.

A vacuum cleaner will probably cost less than a cent an hour to operate, an electric radiator five cents an hour, and an electric washing machine, capable of handling the wash of an entire family in two hours, costs per hour only one and one-third cents.

The family building a home today will do well to make certain its house is provided with a sufficient number of properly placed outlets to which electrical apparatus can be attached. While a house is being built it may be equipped with these outlets at comparatively small cost, and it is a real economy to provide a sufficient number of them in advance.

Can Divorce Ever Part Husband and Wife?

[Continued from page 5]

He visited her continually; he sought her advice upon important questions.

What must Marie Louise have thought of those visits? History does not record. From all accounts she loved the Emperor dearly, though she was not to remain faithful to him in the hour of his misfortune. And his misfortunes came soon after he married her—indeed, from the hour he divorced Josephine his star began to wane.

Perhaps to Napoleon this seemed more than a mere coincidence. Certainly no one knows to whom his thoughts turned during those last years on St. Helena—whether he longed for the presence of the archduchess who had forsaken him, or whether he remembered that other woman who had been with him in the days of his growing greatness, but who had not lived to witness his final defeat and second exile.

In common opinion it is first love which is forever sacred to us. But into the life of nearly everyone has come a first love experience that has led to nothing except disappointment and a passing sorrow, an experience that has been so dulled by the passing of days and so clouded by the rush of other impressions that today little

of it remains. Search in your heart for your own first love experience. Is it a living thing? Has it sufficient vitality to control your life? Has it endured at all save as a hollow recollection?

But marriage cannot fail to leave its impress upon those who enter upon it. For better or for worse they are changed, and the mark it places upon them will not be rendered indistinct and illegible by the passage of years. Can any woman look unmoved upon him who has been her husband? How must a man regard the woman who has been his wife?

Those who would flee from marriage have learned that first they must learn to flee from their very selves. They have found that marriage is not something outside them but a force within them, that it has become a part of them, that it can never be left wholly behind. It cannot be lost nor forgotten nor hidden beneath fresh associations and interests; it is not ended even when a new love arises.

Alike to those who seek and to those who would spurn, it is not love but marriage—first marriage—that is for ever and ineffaceable.



THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU



Varying the Potato Cookery

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

POTATOES are popular because they are easily prepared. One often hears the expression "she knows just enough to boil potatoes," but if called upon to eat the potatoes boiled, one often realizes, after all, that it takes some real skill to boil a potato properly. The woman who puts a very large and a small potato in the same pot and boils either one until the other is done, has at least one potato which is not fit to eat. Likewise, in baking potatoes, those of uniform size should always be selected.

In preparing potatoes for cooking they should be scrubbed with a stiff brush, for, if spotlessly clean, the skin of a baked potato may be eaten. It is high in food value, and, if crisp and hot, is delicious. It is always safe to cook more potatoes than will be eaten for they are one of the foods which are often nicest when twice cooked.

When planning the menu do not forget the sweet potato which is almost equal in importance to the white and in some parts of our country is eaten in far greater quantities.

For variety in preparing potatoes, a French cutter to make the tiny potato ball may be purchased for a small cost. These balls should be boiled very gently, so as not to spoil their shape, drained and dried out, then either served in a sauce or melted butter in which very finely chopped parsley has been stirred.

POTATO SALAD

6 potatoes boiled and thinly sliced
2 small onions sliced thin
2 sweet cucumber pickles chopped fine
1 green pepper shredded or chopped
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon paprika
Seasoning of black pepper
6 tablespoons oil
2 tablespoons vinegar

Mix the vegetables. Make a French dressing of the oil, vinegar and seasonings. Mix with the vegetables and let it stand where it will get very cold, for an hour at least. Sliced cucumber makes a nice variety and can be added to this salad.

ESCALLOPED POTATOES

Peel the potatoes and slice very thin. Put a layer in a well greased baking dish, sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour, repeat this until the dish is full, dot the top with bits of butter and bake in a hot oven for an hour or until the potatoes are brown. Keep covered for the first half hour and then uncover. These potatoes look very attractive baked in a glass dish, one which will, of course, stand the heat of baking.

CURRIED POTATOES

Peel and cut in rather thick slices, fry in a large frying pan in a small amount of fat, letting each slice lie on the bottom of the pan and turning so that both sides may be a golden brown. When nearly done sprinkle with curry powder. Add fat as the potatoes need it but do not have much in the pan at a time. Salt as desired.

POTATO MUFFINS

1 cup cold mashed potatoes
1½ cups flour
¾ cup milk
2 eggs well beaten
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons melted fat

Soften the potato with the milk, sift the baking powder and salt with the flour; add the potato, then the eggs and lastly the fat. Bake 30 minutes.

If the potato is very dry, a little more milk may be added.

POTATO PUDDING

2½ cups of grated sweet potato
1 cup milk
2 eggs
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ginger

Mix the spices and sugar and beat the eggs slightly. Mix all the ingredients together and pour into a well greased baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven until firm.

This may be served with milk or cream.

POTATO CROQUETTES

2 cups hot riced potatoes
2 tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Very little cayenne
½ tablespoon finely mixed parsley
1 egg yolk

Mix the ingredients and beat until smooth. Cool, shape in balls or cylinders, dip in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat.

FRENCH FRIED POTATOES

Wash and pare the potatoes, and cut lengthwise in eighths, soak about an hour in cold water, drain dry in a towel, and fry in deep fat, drain on unglazed paper and sprinkle with salt. Use fat which will brown a cube of bread in 1 minute as too hot a fat will not cook the potato clear through.

CREAMED POTATOES

Wash and pare three medium-sized potatoes, cut in dice (equal about 2 cups). Cook in boiling salted water. When tender, drain, shake gently and dry at the back of the stove with the saucepan uncovered. Reheat in one cup white sauce. Sprinkle one tablespoon parsley chopped very fine over the potatoes before serving.

WHITE SAUCE FOR CREAMED POTATOES
1½ tablespoons butter
1½ tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
White pepper
1 cup milk

Heat the butter in saucepan. When it bubbles add the flour and salt. Add the hot milk, a little at a time, stirring each time until the mixture is perfectly smooth.

GLAZED SWEET POTATOES

Wash and pare six medium-sized potatoes. Cook 15 minutes in boiling water. Drain and put in a buttered pan. Make a syrup by boiling three minutes, ½ cup sugar and ¼ cup water; add one tablespoon butter. Brush the potatoes with syrup and bake fifteen minutes; basting twice with the remaining syrup.

SARATOGA POTATOES

Wash and pare the potatoes, slice very thin using a vegetable slicer if possible. Let stand in cold water two hours changing the water once during the time.

Drain, and put in a wire basket and boil one

roll in flour, and fry in deep fat. Drain on unglazed paper. If too stiff a little milk may be added to the mixture.

SWEET POTATO CROQUETTES

Follow the recipe for potato balls, and dip the balls in slightly beaten egg to which has been added 1 tablespoon water for every egg. Roll in sifted bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat, drain and serve very hot.

POTATO CAKES

Form cold mashed potatoes into small cakes, and roll in seasoned flour. Melt some fat in a shallow pan and when hot put in the cakes and brown on one side, turn carefully with a spatula and add a little more fat to the pan, brown on the other side. Cold mashed potato may be packed in a mold and turned out and cut in slices and browned following the directions for potato cakes.

SPANISH POTATOES

Chop cold boiled potatoes and cook in a white sauce very slowly, until thick taking great care they do not burn, when nearly done sprinkle with paprika until they have a decided red color. A sauce made with cream makes these potatoes delicious, but rich milk may be used.

LYONNAISE POTATOES

About two cups cold sliced potatoes, 1 small onion, chopped; 3 tablespoons fat. Cook the onion for 3 minutes in 1 tablespoon fat, add the rest of the fat and the potatoes and cook until they have taken up all the fat season, then allow them to brown.

FRANCONIA POTATOES

Pare the potatoes and parboil them about ten minutes. Drain, and put on a rack with meat which is roasting and baste when you do the meat, with the dripping from the pan. It takes about 45 minutes for these potatoes to cook they should be a good brown when done. They are particularly nice with beef or lamb.

DELMONICO POTATOES

Cut cold boiled potatoes into very small pieces. Make as much white sauce as you have potato and mix with the potato. Pour into a well greased baking dish and cover with buttered cracker crumbs. Cook until the crumbs are brown. This takes about 15 minutes.

SHEPHERDS PIE

Cover the bottom of a well greased baking dish with meat cut in small pieces and gravy. Over the top spread mashed potatoes, sprinkle with paprika and dot with tiny bits of fat. Put in a hot oven and cook until the top is a deep brown.

POTATO OMELET

Hash cold potatoes very fine, add enough milk to just moisten. Season well. Put in a well greased omelet pan and cook slowly until the potatoes are brown on the bottom, cut nearly through across the center and turn like an omelet. Add a little parsley, onion or cheese.

HASHED WITH MILK

Put a tablespoonful of drippings in a wide flat frying-pan. When hot, pour in cold sliced potatoes, cover with milk. As soon as the milk begins to bubble slightly, season well with salt and pepper, and hash steadily with a knife till the potatoes are very hot, and hashed fine, turning steadily with the knife to prevent burning. Then press down, brown on the bottom, and turn on a hot platter.

PLAIN FRIED

Slice steamed or boiled potatoes and fry in two tablespoonfuls of good cooking oil. Brown nicely. Leave slices whole.

LEFT OVER ESCALLOPED

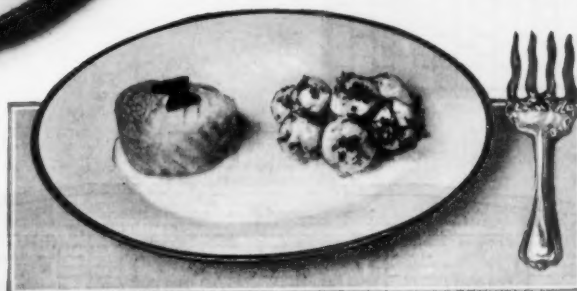
Slice cold boiled potatoes. Make a rich white sauce, put into an earthenware casserole, alternating potatoes and sauce in layers. Cover with bread crumbs and bake till well browned.

SWEET POTATO BALLS

Two cups riced sweet potatoes, add three tablespoons butter, salt and pepper and one well beaten egg. Form in balls,



A pastry bag is a handy aid for making an attractive potato garnish



French potato balls served with fish are popular for luncheon

minute in salted water. Drain again and plunge into cold water. Dry between towels.

Fry in deep fat until brown and sprinkle while hot with salt.

The fat should brown a cube of bread in one minute.

POTATO SOUP

4 medium sized potatoes
1 qt milk
1 small onion
3 tablespoons fat
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon celery salt
little black pepper
2 teaspoons chopped parsley

Boil the potatoes in salted water and when soft put through a ricer, slice the onion and scald the milk with the onion in it. Remove the onion. Add the milk to the potato. Melt the fat add the flour, stir into the boiling soup, boil one minute. Sprinkle with the parsley.

POTATO NESTS

Use recipe for Potato Garnish, and form into nests making the edge with a pastry tube. Do this on a well greased baking sheet. Fill the nests with a creamed vegetable or meat, and set in a hot oven for the edges to get brown and the creamed food very hot. Lift carefully on to a hot dish and garnish with parsley. Care should be taken not to have the potato too soft in forming the nests.

POTATOES FOR GARNISHING (DUCHESS POTATOES)

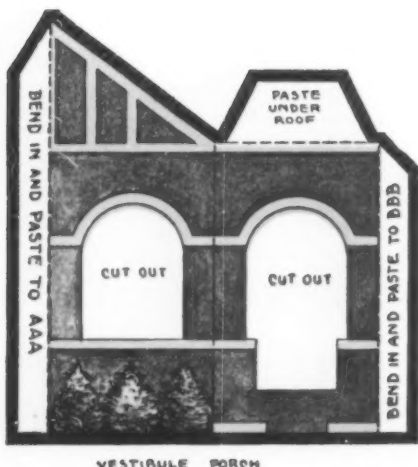
2 cups hot potatoes
3 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
Yolks 3 eggs

Press the potatoes through a potato ricer, add the butter, the salt, and the yolks of the eggs slightly beaten. Put the mixture into a pastry bag and press out in the desired shape on a buttered pan. Brown in the oven. Remove with a spatula or broad-bladed knife and use as a garnish for meat or fish.

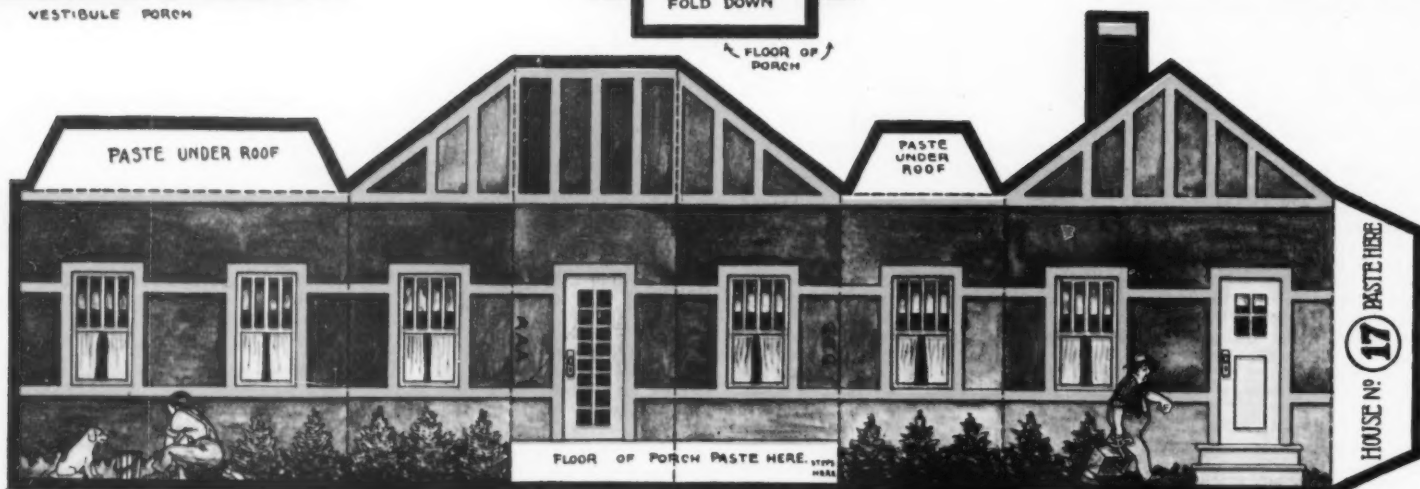
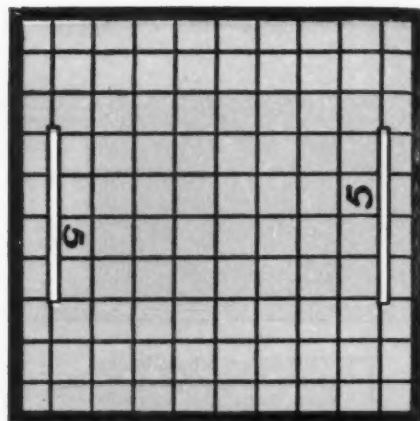
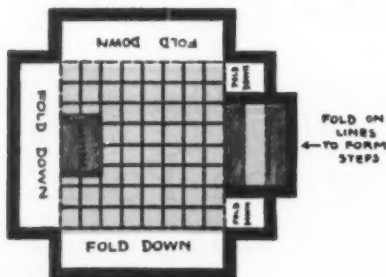
Duchess potatoes will add to the attractiveness of any meat dish.

Going to Market and the Movies in Teeny Town

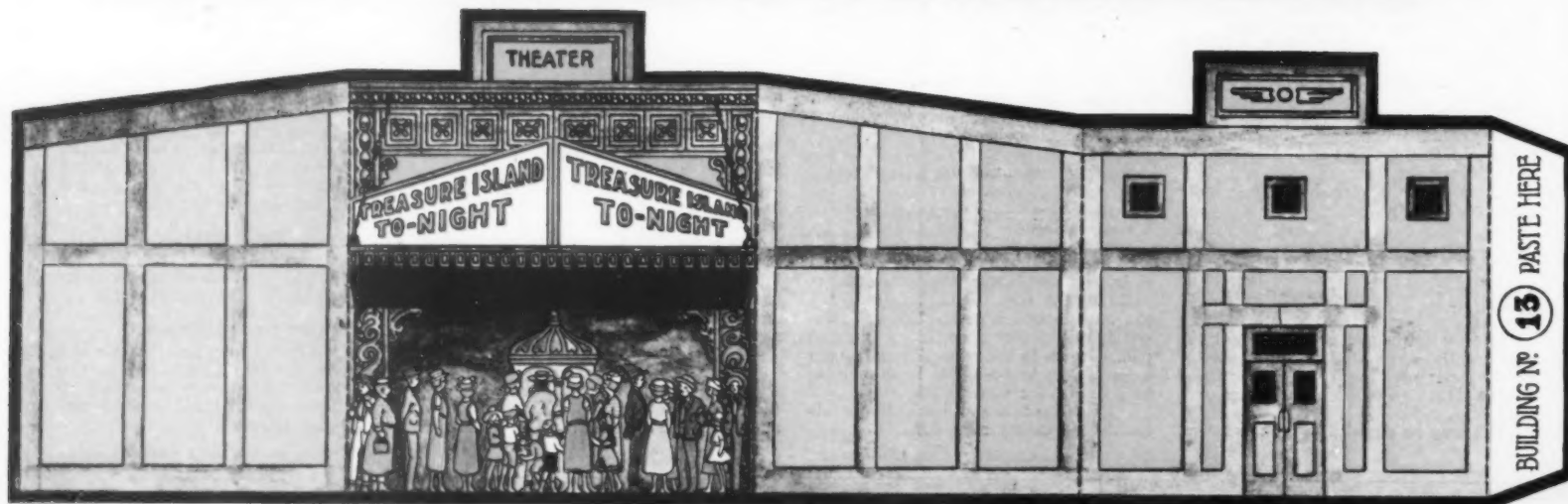
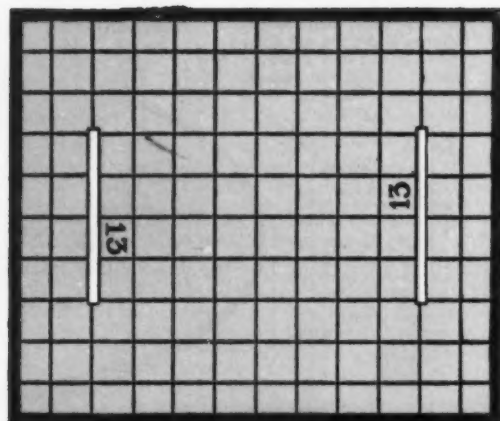
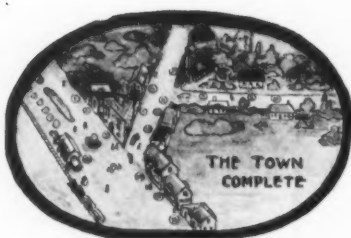
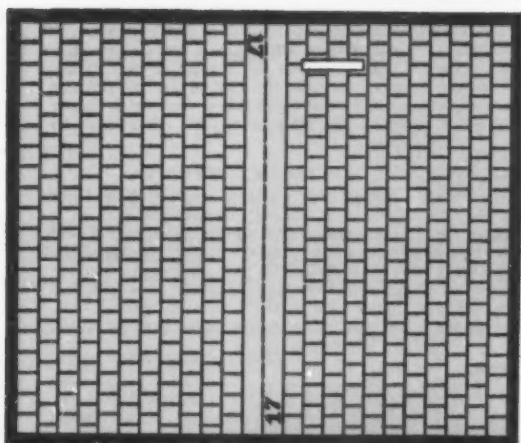
By MEL CUMMIN



VESTIBULE PORCH



- FOLD IN -



a leader not only of her class but of the school—there is no doubt of that. And she has great generosity and sympathy. She champions the lame ducks everywhere. She has for instance developed a crush on that Eileen Long, who, I am sorry to say, she met through Nancy and at our house and who is, I now realize, a pernicious influence.

Eileen's mother is an old school-friend. She is a silly woman who has no influence on her daughter. Eileen has done as she pleased ever since she was sixteen; she is a drifter and a parasite. She has gained an ascendancy over Margot by continual flattery.

Please do not let my plain speaking offend you, dear Mrs. Delceuvre. I haven't the time to write you what I think of my own daughter. Forgive me if you can, and if there is "anything in this world" that I can do, let me know instantly.

Hurriedly and worriedly,
MATILDA FISHER.

THAT night again Madge Delceuvre sat late in her big pleasant bedroom. The day had whirled past, even as her thoughts had whirled, and at a terrific pace. Before her very eyes, life had heaved from its well-rounded smoothness into hideous heights; dropped to appalling abysses. What to do? How to do it? Not simple remedies. No—desperate remedies, instantly applied. She arose and paced the floor.

Was she after all middle-aged?

Middle-aged, at thirty-six. That was preposterous. Youth! What were the components of that mysterious thing, youth?

Suddenly she turned on the lights beside her dresser; stared in the mirror—appraisingly, critically. Flesh of a peculiar whiteness—not cream nor ivory—the white of a gardenia, thick like a napless velvet, cool-looking like a gardenia. Eyes, of a deep blue, a very deep blue, soft, a little poignant in expression. Silky lashes and brows softly italicizing that dove-like quality.

With a sudden movement, she pulled the big pins out of the massively coiled hair. The thick twist of gold unrolled to her knees. Released from its weight, ripples came out on it. She bundled it in her neck, skewered it carelessly; stood off; surveyed her figure. A long-ago pride throbbed for an instant in her. Yes, she was still girlishly slim, still delicately curved; supple-waisted.

"I've got to go up to New York today for a week, darling," she informed Margot the next morning. "There's some unexpected business I must do in regard to Aunt Day's property. I've telephoned Cousin Eugenia and she'll stay here with you while I'm gone."

"Oh, mother darling!" Margot remonstrated with a genuine distress. "When I haven't seen you for such a long time! You'll surely be here when Mr. Lonigan arrives?"

"The six train—Friday? Oh, yes, I'll be here," Madge agreed. "I'm ordering a specially nice dinner that night. Would you like other guests, Margot?"

"Not that first evening, mother dear. Afterward perhaps."

"Greetings, Hal!" Miss Long extended a languid hand to the tall, slim, droop-shouldered young man who had assisted Margot from—not a new roadster—the big, old car. "Your mother got home from New York so late, Margot, that she had only time to get dressed for dinner. I don't wonder she was late, she had so many boxes and bundles that it took the whole establishment—Delia, Thomas, Colby—even Martha, the cook, to carry them to her room."

Mr. Lonigan had already shot one inquiring look along the brown-stone front of the huge old mansion, and another through the high iron fence across the spacious grounds.

Divested by Thomas's deferential attentions of his light coat, Mr. Lonigan proved to be a carefully, if noticeably, dressed young man. The one button of his light-weight, invisibly blue-plaided, cinnamon-brown suit, seemed to divide two triangles of waistcoat. It was almost as though his reedlike figure curved up from that button to his narrow head and down to his slim white-spatted feet. His sloe-black eyes glittered in deep, scorched-looking hollows, out of a face, too sallow and lined for his years. His thick black hair might have been varnished with a hard shellac. It was surprising how many of his teeth showed when he smiled. That smile punctuated the slangy monologue often and meaninglessly, as though to cover the perplexity which invaded his look when his eye swept the dusky vistas of the old house.

THE three reassembled in the gaslighted softness of the faded old drawing-room; Eileen, languid and indifferent, Margot all blushes and sparkles, fluttering futilely about her guest. Mr. Lonigan permitted her attentions; his attitude to her was a subtle mixture: the deference due to a woman of the world, the familiarity with which one jokes a precocious child.

Re-enter Mama

[Continued from page 25]

The stroke of the gong which announced dinner vibrated delicately through the house—and still Madge had not appeared.

"Come right into dinner," Margot ordered importantly. "Mother'll be right down instantly. She's never late. Here she is now! No!" She stopped blankly. "No—who—" She stopped again, this time in a shocked surprise. "Why yes, it is mother," she ended in a trembling voice. She went on with a gallant assumption of normality in the incident. "I didn't know you at first, mother, in your new gown. And you've had your hair—I! It's very—very—" she gulped—"becoming."

But Margot's strange falterings, her gallant recoveries, were lost on her two guests. Miss Long was sunk in a complete preoccupation. And Mr. Lonigan—a look of surprise and of alert expectation in his sloe eyes—had risen to the last inch of his slim, drooped height, was advancing to take the snowy, highly-manicured hand which Madge held out to him.

sponded. "Lil ol' N'Yawk's all right when the weather's behaving itself. But when the thermometer starts to give us the razz—it's me to the good old wet ocean or the coolful countryside. I never was in this place before. Ginger Jimmie—you'd like him, Madge, he's a hard-boiled one—says, 'You're going to a little hick town where you'll have to sleep in a room the size of a shoe-box.' Won't I give him the razz? Kinda quiet settlement, I'll say. How does a live one like you manage to support existence so far from the white lights?"

MADGE informed him that many property responsibilities tied her to Blackwood. He became interested at once in real estate conditions; asked many questions.

Dinner was a strange meal. Miss Long was like an apathetic spectator at a drama. Not a word or a move was lost to her; but she watched without comment, without a change of expression. Margot's burning

the moonlight seemed to have filled the young man's eyes with light.

"Mother, dear, may I sleep with you tonight?" Margot asked anxiously when they separated. "I have something particular to tell you—and we haven't had a real talk since I came home."

"Sorry, honey," her mother said, yawning. "I'm too tired tonight. Tomorrow sometime perhaps, we'll find a little time to chat."

But there was no time on that morning—or the next—or the next.

For when Madge appeared late the next morning in a bewildering negligée of blue and geranium pink chiffon which trailed yards of ruffles and insertions of lace, Hal Lonigan, who appeared for the first time at the same instant, breakfasted with her. At luncheon, Madge turned the conversation to a recent rise in Blackwood of real estate value. Mr. Lonigan was interested at once. In elucidation of the situation, she referred to certain comfortable holdings of the Delceuvre estate; and in further explanation became explicit as to the way the estate had been left: Madge in full control of all, Margot not to come into possession of her share until she was thirty-five.

Early in the afternoon, in dazzling sports clothes of black and white, she beat Miss Long and Margot at tennis—with Hal's assistance. Later, at the Country Club, in other sports clothes of coral and turquoise, she beat the two girls at golf—with Hal's assistance. The golfers—it was a good day and the links were crowded—fell into sudden attitudes of paralysis as they gazed on this bobbed-hair, bird-of-Paradise variant of the wrenlike Madge Delceuvre. Margot scowled at them—but they saw neither her nor her scowls.

That night, in a dinner-gown of peach-blow velvet, Madge reclined, Madame Recamier-like on a couch and talked with Hal Lonigan. Investments, New York, Europe, investments, theaters, operas, investments. . . . She was making a hasty trip to New York in regard to a new car. Hal Lonigan, a sudden shrewd gleam in the sloe eye, begged permission to accompany and advise her.

They went according to their plan early; but they stayed, not according to plan, till late at night. When they returned—in a new limousine that exploded exclamations of admiration from even the blasé Eileen Long—they found two yawning girls, just about to go to bed; Margot biting her lips.

"May I come to your room for just a little talk, mother?" Margot begged.

"Oh my poor neglected chick!" Madge exclaimed contritely, "I forgot, didn't I? I'm sorry but I'm so tired . . . to-morrow, sometime."

The next day, as she warned them she would, Madge slept until noon; had her breakfast in her room. When finally she appeared—a delicious apparition in a white velvet tam and a blue-worked pink smock over a pink worked blue skirt—a lack-luster, bored-looking young man, mechanically playing rum with two frigid young girls, sprang to instant animation.

"Mother," Margot said, her eyes like thunder-clouds, "I've been waiting round all morning for you. I do want to talk with you. I must talk with you."

Madge suppressed a yawn.

"Tonight then, lovey. I solemnly promise."

Margot's thunder-clouds exploded. "Mother I think you're just as mean as you can be. I—" She apparently had more to say, but Hal Lonigan cut deftly in.

"I called up the Mock Turtle Inn early this morning, Madge, and they say it's all right. They'll serve us the best dinner tonight they can throw together—on the little private balcony I told you about."

Margot rushed from the room. A minute later a heavy bang sounded upstairs. In the middle of the afternoon, Miss Long made an unsuccessful effort to invade her solitude! Just before Madge left, Margot appeared—a prim Margot in an evening-gown that her mother had had made for her, very simple and very charming, of organdie. Her complexion was its own unadorned, satiny cream-olive.

Madge, however, was all her flamboyant new self and more. Her evening-gown, of an amethyst velvet, had a straight longitudinal slit for a neck. It was sleeveless, however, and cut under the arm to reveal chiffon-colored satin the exact shade of Madge's creamy flesh. Silver earrings almost touched her shoulders. When she started off in the car, she wore no hat. Hal helped her to slip on a marvelous evening wrap of black lace over ivory satin, trimmed with ermine tails.

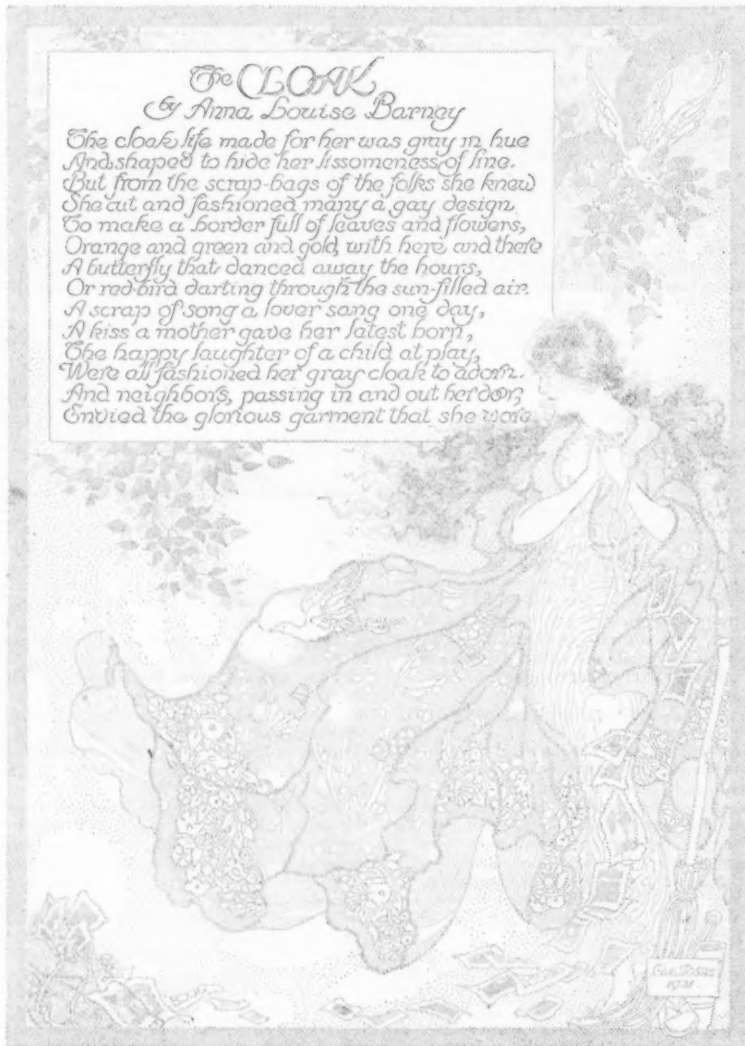
It was nearly two o'clock that night when Madge came into her bedroom. Simultaneously Margot, her cheeks patched brilliantly with nature's red, entered from her own room. "Where's Hal?" she asked instantly.

"Mr. Lonigan has gone back to New York," Madge answered.

Margot stared. "For good?" she asked incredulously.

"He will not return."

[Continued on page 47]



Madge's gown was of a black velvet that turned her skin to white velvet. It was neckless, shoulderless, sleeveless—short in front but dragging a long, narrow tail behind; the sharp, black-velvet line of the square corsage was held up by a string of brilliants that encompassed the neck. Those brilliants seemed to strike the keynote of the gown. They glittered in the silver-lace draperies which hung in long side points, in the tassels which ended these points and in the enormous buckles of the black velvet slippers.

Her hair, cut short, lay in shining waves; two tiny curls hung at each ear. Above all their glitter, her face held its own bravely, an artificial pink-rose bloom delicately filming her cheeks, an artificial red-rose bloom glazing her lips. Her blackened brows, her starred lashes, the heightened shadows under her eyes, made enormous black-blue pools of her irises. She floated forward on a wave of perfume.

"I am so delighted to see you, Mr. Lonigan. I'm going to call you Hal. My name is Madge. If you'll give me your arm, we'll go into the dining-room at once. Skip along ahead, children!" she called to the two girls. "You're to sit here at my right, Hal!"

Mr. Lonigan pulled her chair out for her. She slipped a small, jeweled, gold cigarette-case onto the table; snapped it open, talking fluently all the time. "It's so good of you to come!" she concluded.

"Well, believez moi, Mrs. Del—Madge, I was glad to come," Mr. Lonigan re-

eyes never left her mother. Well she might watch her—she had never seen a mother like this. Madge laughed and talked and joked without cessation. And at a sudden hissing intake of breath on her daughter's part, she added an engagingly contrite, "You didn't know what a naughty mother you had, did you, Margot?" She impulsively held out her hand. Mr. Lonigan daringly kissed it.

When they arose from the long and complicated meal to her invitation for coffee in the garden, Madge led the way. As she turned, a pair of exclamations greeted her. Her gown, cut nearly to the waist in the back, displayed two exquisite dimples in her shoulders. "I never saw anything so beautiful in my life!" Miss Long said.

Margot said nothing.

In the garden, Madge kept up a running stream of talk—kept it up even after she had fallen in with Lonigan's suggestion that she show him the grounds. The two girls sat without speech on the beautiful vine-covered side piazza and watched the two figures—Madge recklessly trailing her tail of black velvet among the fireflies on a lawn of emerald velvet; a grayish-blue ribbon of smoke drifting over her shoulder; Lonigan bent to a perpetual crescent at her side. A full moon like a big wet bubble floated up the sky and shot melted wet gold through that smoke-ribbon.

After a while, the two girls went into the house; busied themselves perfunctorily with the phonograph. When the two outside returned, something more subtle than

HOME AGAIN

By
ANNE RITTENHOUSE

YESTERDAY in the rue de la Paix of Paris, today in Fifth Avenue, New York, tomorrow in Main Street. So do we shuttle across oceans and continents.

And what of the clothes women wear in these three centers, is the question the observer asks. I sat for six hours a day in the grey salons of the most important designers of women's apparel in the world, watching, listening, comparing, talking to those whose entire span of life between the sunrise and sunset is given over to the creation of things to clothe women. I danced and dined and motored wherever fashionable folk foregathered and took innumerable Americans—brides, debutantes and dowagers—to choose clothes. I dropped down to Deauville when the races brought together the high and the low, the rich and the once-rich, the war profiteer and the impoverished aristocrat to see for myself what the women had chosen from the Pandora Box of garments which they had just opened. Again I went back to the grey salons when the elect were selecting their winter clothes, when the impatient American accent had been replaced by the discussions in French carried on by those who know the value of every thread and every ell of fabric in a garment, and who choose slowly and surely for their own comfort.



2497 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50
Transfer Design No. 1150

2478 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1084



2466 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 1119

2470 Costume Blouse
Small, medium, large
Transfer Design No. 1154
2240 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36



THEN with a rapidity which Jules Verne would have envied I shuttled across three thousand miles of boiling, leaping water conquered by oil and men to walk and listen and watch the women who foregathered in the centers of America. What was the difference between Paris and American clothes? This was the vital question. Had we chosen unreservedly the outpourings of the giant cornucopia tilted by the designers of Paris for the delectation of women? What had we rejected and what accepted?

Few over here, it seems, have elected to wear skirts as long as those advocated by Paris and sold to the American buyers who serve as the representatives of the American people. There is the acceptance of the side drapery, the elimination of pleats, except in small groupings, but the peculiar unevenness of the long skirt hem which one sees everywhere in France is absent here. It may come slowly. It may not come at all for the reason that it requires more subtlety of composition than the American is willing to give to fabric. We simplify the French methods of cutting material in a way that is satisfying and which we do not think detracts from the appearance of the frock. We straighten out their complications and evolutions with the sure line of the engineer and make it easy for women to achieve the same result with less effort, and being thus transformed, that which was delicately French is now boldly American.

2467
Shirtwaist
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 2497, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch, and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting material. The width at lower edge is 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 1150 is used.

No. 2478, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at shoulder. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch or 3 yards of 54-inch material. The width at lower edge is 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 1084 is used. A graceful model built on the newest lines.

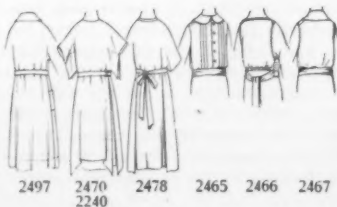
No. 2467, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material or 1½ yards of 40-inch material. 1¼ yards of lace edging and 1¼ yards of lace insertion required for trimming.

No. 2470, LADIES' COSTUME BLOUSE. Small, 34, 36; medium, 38, 40; large, 42, 44 bust. Small, 3 yards of 40-inch. Transfer Design No. 1154 is used.

No. 2240, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26, 2½ yards of 40-inch. The width at lower edge is 1¼ yards.

No. 2466, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1¼ yards of 36-inch material, and 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting for sleeves. Transfer Design No. 1119 is used.

2465 Shirtwaist
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 1122



No. 2465, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch, or 1¼ yards of 40-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1122 is used.

That fashion has been replaced by a lower skirt of moderate length with long transparent draperies at the side.

Evening skirts are already long, although the scalloped flounces of the Second Empire period are lacking. The bertha applied straight across the top of a small bodice, which is according to the Empress Eugenie, is worn and admired. So are the roses of the Second Empire era. The bateau neckline is continued here with its elongated shoulder-line as it is in Paris. The long armhole is here, also, sometimes holding the square sleeve which falls over the hand.

[Continued on page 36]

A Page of Distinctive Attire Which Will Appeal to the Most Discriminating Woman



2113
Shirtwaist
7 sizes, 34-46
2468
Suspender Skirt
9 sizes, 34-50
Transfer Design
No. 1142



2477 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50



2474 Sports Coat
6 sizes, 34-44
2172 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36



2471 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1110



2387 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50



2386 Dress
8 sizes, 34-48
Ribbon
Transfer Design
No. 1157



2397 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Ribbon Transfer Design
No. 1157

No. 2477, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 45-inch, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 40-inch material for collar and cuffs. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 2474, LADIES' SPORTS COAT; $33\frac{1}{2}$ -inch length. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 18-inch contrasting material.

No. 2172, LADIES' THREE-PIECE STRAIGHT-PLEATED SKIRT. Size 26 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40- or 48-inch material. Width at lower edge, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 2471, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch, or $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1140.

No. 2397, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 18-inch material for vest. Width, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157.



2397 2387 2113 2477

FRINGE is worn as in France, despite the fact that the majority of women insist that they dislike it. Also in evening frocks there is the long straight bodice which is the new interpretation of the tight Spanish bodice. It has small armholes, straight lines to the hips and makes no attempt to curve into the figure. This is the bodice Paris has accepted and which we appear to like. We are sleeveless in the evening, but not in the afternoon or morning, which is in keeping with French opinion. And we are not averse to the Elizabethan effect of the whalebone in the sides of our skirts to accentuate the flatness of a planked shad at the back and front. Our method of whaleboning the sides is not as flaunting as the French method, but it is there.

Everywhere one sees the attempt to create a diversion to the sides of the skirt. There is fullness, there is the beginning of a girdle, and there is often some type of ornamentation which increases the breadth of the figure. Here, as in France, it is the aim of a woman to appear as though a steam roller had passed over her body. Many of the new corsets are merely held across the hips with pieces of elastic, the front and back panels boned to suppress whatever curves exist.

Americans have not known given support to the flaring knee-length jacket, but they have adopted the full plaid woolen cape of supple fabric for the streets. Also they accept the cape cut in one with the frock, a fashion in which Paris delights and which such masters of designing as Doucet and Callot promote. These are adaptations from Court life in Fifteenth Century Italy.

No. 2113, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch, or 2 yards of 40-inch.

No. 2468, LADIES' SUSPENDER SKIRT. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36- or 40-inch. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1142 is used.

No. 2387, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 18-inch material for revers. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 2386, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch, or $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157.

No. 2400, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40- or 44-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.



2471 2400 2386 2474



2400 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

The Uneven Hem-Line and Fluttering Draperies Lend an Air of Individuality To These Gowns



2486 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2497 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

2494 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 1148

2495 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Ribbon
Transfer Design
No. 1157

2485 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Ribbon
Transfer Design
No. 1157

2471 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Ribbon
Transfer Design
No. 1157

No. 2494, LADIES' DRESS;
with front and back
panels. Size 36 requires
6½ yards of 40-inch ma-
terial, and 2¼ yards of
4-inch ribbon for sash.
Width, 1½ yards.
Transfer Design No. 1148.

No. 2497, LADIES' SLIP-
ON DRESS; 35-inch
length from waistline.
Size 36 requires 3½
yards of 40-inch ma-
terial, and 1 yard of 36-
inch contrasting. Width
at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 2496, LADIES' DRESS.
Size 36 requires 1¾
yards of 45-inch material,
and 2½ yards of 36-
inch material for skirt.
Width at lower edge,
1¾ yards. Transfer De-
sign No. 543.

No. 2478, LADIES' SLIP-
ON DRESS; closing at
shoulders. Size 36 re-
quires 4 yards of 40-
inch material, or 3 yards
of 54-inch material.
Width at lower edge,
1½ yards. Transfer De-
sign No. 1154.

No. 2486, LADIES' DRESS;
two-piece skirt. Size 36
requires 4¾ yards of 40-
inch material, and ½
yard of 36-inch contrast-
ing for collar and cuffs.
Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 2495, LADIES' DRESS.
Size 36 requires 3¾
yards of 40-inch ma-
terial, and 2¼ yards of
40-inch material for
skirt. The width at
lower edge is 1½ yards.
Ribbon Transfer Design
No. 1157.

No. 2485, LADIES' DRESS.
Size 36 requires 2¾
yards of 40-inch material,
2¼ yards of 36-inch for
vest and skirt and 3
yards 9-inch ribbon for
sash. Width at lower
edge, 1½ yards. Ribbon
Transfer Design No.
1157.

No. 2471, LADIES' DRESS.
Size 36 requires 3½
yards of 54-inch ma-
terial, and 1 yard of
36-inch for cape lining
and collar. Width, 1½
yards. Ribbon Transfer
Design No. 1157.



2494 2496 2478 2495

METALIC belts have met with the success prophesied, but only fashionable women wear the broad hip belt upon which Paris insists. The American belt is bought, not made, but the French one is a work of art with fur, metal tissue, lattice work of colored stones, ivory wheels and pendants, beaten and pierced nickel. The Americans are not slipping any of their belts as far down on the hips as the Europeans, but, undoubtedly, this fashion will arrive. It is too ubiquitous elsewhere for us to neglect it. The trousered linings offered in Paris by Callot and Cheruit have appeared here. These are divided skirts of silk that replace the one-piece slip which has done duty for decades. They are not as sensational as they sound. They are wide and long and far more modest than the knee length underslip which has been worn under thin frocks. One sees nothing of the snail shell trimming which Lanvin made popular in Paris, but there is much of the nailhead trimming. Borders of zephyr loops in the color of the fabric is bound to succeed on informal clothes. This is an especially good treatment for hats.

One needs to say a word about peltry for it has put on airs and graces with which we are not familiar. For instance, who ever heard of dyed slynx? The animal from which the fur came would be ashamed of the coloring. An Australian sheep would prefer to have been eaten than to be turned a bright and animated green, yet the woman of high fashion cares little for the source from which her peltry sprang.

Flat and shining pony skin is a fur of consequence. The great make much of it. The woman whose face or figure needs sleek surfaces rather than outstanding hairy additions to her costume, finds in this newly revived fur an admirable way to achieve them. It bands skirts, wide sleeves, and the lower edge of tunic blouses.



2497 2471 2485 2486

2496 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 543

2478 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1154



Deliver the Message

Everywhere—in country and town—hundreds of millions of Christmas Seals are being used during this 14th Annual Tuberculosis Christmas Seal sale.

Their sale brings health to over 1,000,000 consumptives in thousands of homes.

Every seal you buy helps to strengthen the disease-fighting forces in your community.

Christmas Seal  Christmas Mail

The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations of the United States

Crippled 33 years



Although deformed 33 years from Infantile Paralysis, F. L. Kelsey, age 35, now "walks straight and flat" after only 5 months' treatment at McLain Sanitarium. See his photos. Read his letter. Write him.

After being crippled for thirty-three years, by Infantile Paralysis, and walking on my toes for all that time, I am now walking straight and flat on both feet, after taking only five months' treatment at your Sanitarium. I will be only too glad to recommend it to any one who is crippled, for I know you can do the work.

F. L. KELSEY
Box 1307, Tonopah, Nevada

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities. Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References" sent free.

L. C. McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM
944 Aubert Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

Vapo-Cresolene
Est. 1875

The Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat, which are so often the warnings of dangerous complications.

Simple to use; you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night. The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night, making breathing easy, relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh. Its germicidal qualities make it a reliable protection when these diseases are epidemic. It gives great relief in Asthma.

Cresolene has been recommended and used for the past 42 years. The benefit derived from it is unquestionable.

Sold by druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 14. THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada.



LEBIG
COMPANY'S
Extract of Beef

Attractive Things for Winter Weather



2375 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



2355 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



2374 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



2348 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 936

No. 2375, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch for sleeves, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of wide fur banding and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of narrow. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2374, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 44-inch, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; $18\frac{1}{4}$ yards of braid for trimming. Width, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards.

No. 2348, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires, waist, side and back of skirt, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 2 yards. Transfer Design No. 936.

No. 2355, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width at lower edge is $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards.



2437 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1150

No. 2437, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch, and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1150.

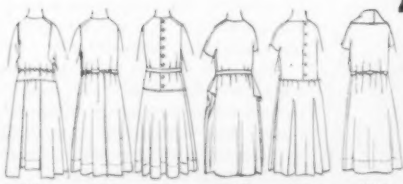
No. 2344, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch, and 2 yards of 40-inch for skirt. Width, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Trimmed with kimmer.

2344 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

No. 2351, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2359, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. Small, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

2351 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
2359 Cape
Small, medium, large



Requisites for the Week-End Trip



2469 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1147

2503 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design
No. 1150

2492 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design
No. 1154

No. 2469, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1147.

No. 2493, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt. Size 16, 4 yards of 45-inch material, and 12 yards of braid. Width, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

2493 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



2479 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Ribbon Transfer Design
No. 1157



No. 2503, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; three-piece skirt. Size 16, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1150.

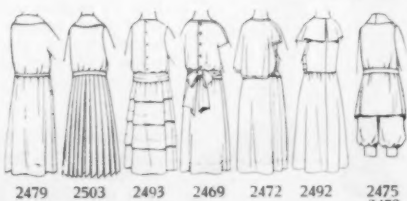
No. 2472, MISSES' EVENING DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width at lower edge is $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

2472 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



2475 Sports Coat
4 sizes, 14-20
2473 Sports Knickers
7 sizes, 14-16; 26-34

No. 2479, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 40-inch for collar. Width, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157.



No. 2475, MISSES' SPORTS COAT. Size 16 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting.
No. 2473, LADIES' AND MISSES' SPORTS KNICKERS. 14-16 years and 26-34 waist. Size 16 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material.

"Danderine"

Grows Thick, Heavy Hair

35-cent Bottle Ends all Dandruff,
Stops Hair Coming Out



Ten minutes after using Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them, helping the hair to grow long, strong and luxuriant. One application of Danderine makes thin, lifeless, colorless hair look youthfully bright, lustrous, and just twice as abundant.

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and free directions for this sweater

Send this coupon today for free sample card of 90 Peace Dale Yarns and free directions for making this sweater. 8 different sizes and weights of yarns—36 beautiful colors. Get these finest quality knitting yarns at direct from the mill prices. Address Peace Dale Mills, Dept. 344, 25 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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BIG DOLL FREE

Can You Solve the Dolly PUZZLE?

Stands Nearly Half a Yard High



Opens and Closes Her Eyes Like a Real Live Baby

In the picture of Dolly on the left is a number of hidden faces. See how many you can find. Some are looking at you—some show sides of faces—you'll find them upside down; in the folds of Dolly's dress, and every way. Mark each face you find with an X. If you find 8 hidden faces you have solved the Dolly Puzzle.

I Have a Big Doll Like This for You

This is not a cloth doll to stuff, but a regular baby doll. She stands nearly half a yard high and is all dressed up in a dear little "go-to-school" dress. You'll be the proudest girl in the neighborhood with a nice sleeping dolly like this. The big blue eyes which open and shut, the peaches and cream complexion and the little rosebud mouth make this the handsomest and sweetest doll you could possibly imagine. You'll just love her to death, she is so cute and pretty.

Every Little Girl Can Have One of These Big Sleeping Dolls for Her Very Own.

Mark all the faces you can find. Don't give up too easily, if at first you find it a little hard to solve the puzzle. When you have found 8 faces, write your name and address on the coupon, clip out Dolly's picture and mail without delay with the Puzzle Coupon below for my Big Free Doll Offer.

DOLLY PUZZLE COUPON

AUNT HETTIE, Manager,
96 E. 4th St., ST. PAUL, MINN.
I have solved the Dolly Puzzle, and am sending you my name and address for your BIG FREE DOLL offer.

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Practical Accessories for Children



2489 Uncle Sam Suit
4 sizes, 28-40



2491 Set of Hats
Small medium large

No. 2489, UNCLE SAM SUIT. Size 28, coat, 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch; trousers, 2 yards of 36-inch; vest front, 5/8 yard of 36-inch; vest back, 1/2 yard of 36-inch; lining for coat, 2 yards of 36-inch.

No. 2491, BOY'S SET OF HATS. Small, 2, 4; medium, 6, 8; large, 10, 12 years. Medium size, sailor, 3/4 yard of 40-inch; Alpine, 1/2 yard of 54-inch material.



2488 Set of Underwear
7 sizes, 2-14



2339 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Transfer Design No. 1156

2499 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10

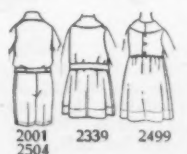
No. 2339, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 6 requires 1 3/4 yards of 32-inch material and 7/8 yard of 27-inch contrasting. Transfer Design No. 1156 is used.

No. 2499, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 6 requires 2 1/4 yards of 32-inch material, and 5/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2001, BOY'S BLOUSE. Size 10 requires 2 1/8 yards of 36-inch material. This blouse has a convertible collar and may be made with a back yoke.

No. 2488, GIRL'S SET OF UNDERWEAR. Size 8, underwaist, dart-fitted drawers and petticoat, 2 3/4 yards of 32-inch or 2 3/8 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2504, BOY'S FLAPPERS OR SPORTS TROUSERS. Size 10 requires 1 yard of 36-inch material, or 5/8 yard of 54-inch material.



2001 2339 2499
2504

2001 Blouse
6 sizes, 4-14
2504 Sports Trousers
4 sizes, 8-14

New Styles for Girls of All Ages

2500
Set of Underwear
6 sizes, 2-12



2490
Set of Hats
Small, medium, large

No. 2487, GIRL'S DRESS.
Size 6, 2 yards of 36-inch,
and 3/4 yard of 36-inch
contrasting material.



2412 Coat
6 sizes, 4-14



No. 2476, GIRL'S
DRESS. Size 12
requires 2 1/4 yards
of 36-inch, and
7/8 yard of 36-
inch contrasting
material. Transfer
Design No. 1059.

2502 Dress
6 sizes, 1-10

2487 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14



No. 2490, GIRL'S SET OF
HATS. Small, 2, 4; me-
dium, 6, 8; large, 10, 12
years. Medium size re-
quires, tam, 5/8 yard of 40-
inch; hat, 3/4 yard of
40-inch, and 3/8 yard of
36-inch buckram.

No. 2502, CHILD'S DRESS.
Size 4 requires 1 3/4 yards
of 36-inch, or 1 1/2 yards of
40-inch material.

No. 2500, GIRL'S SET OF
UNDERWEAR. Size 8 re-
quires 1 1/2 yards of 32-
inch, or 1 3/4 yards of 36-
inch material.

No. 2399, GIRL'S DRESS.
Size 12 requires 2 3/4 yards
of 36-inch, or 2 1/2 yards
of 40-inch material, and 1/2
yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 2412,
GIRL'S COAT.
Size 8 re-
quires 1 7/8
yards of 54-
inch material.
The collar is
convertible.

2476 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design
No. 1059



2399 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14



How Did Ruth Get Her Trousseau?



Had She Found a Fairy Godmother?

For half an hour Ruth had been showing us such a trousseau as we girls had all read about and dreamed of—but thought we could never hope to own.

There was the daintiest lingerie, all wee hand-run tucks, embroidery, and ribbon rosebuds. Sue sat stroking a blue satin negligee, while Eleanor had seized upon two adorable breakfast caps, declaring that they should never again find their way into Ruth's trunk.

And now dainty, wavy-haired Ruth appeared from behind the screen in what she called "Exhibit B." We all gasped, then sat like statues as she trailed prettily toward us in a shimmering mist of moonbeams and frost flowers and dew on a white rose—her wedding gown.

Where ever had she gotten it? She was just one of the stenographers at Barnaby's—and we all knew what her salary was, because we worked there, too.

"Ruth!" gasped Eleanor—"who—"

"Me," answered Ruth, too happy to be grammatical.

Then she told us what we'd been dying to know. A year ago, when she'd started planning her trousseau, she'd been so discouraged. The money she had saved out of her salary would buy only a few of the plainest, ready-made things.

But one night the girl next door asked her to help hang a skirt she was making. And that was where Ruth found her fairy Godmother! Before she went to bed she had written to the Women's College for the pretty booklet describing the courses in dressmaking and tailoring. Inside of a week she was learning by mail how to cut, fit and make her own clothes.

The Women's College taught her everything, from how to make the simplest house frocks and blouses to how to design and complete the entrancing wedding gown she had on. It taught her how to study her own type, just what things she ought to wear, and how to copy the lovely frocks shown by our smartest French shops.

By means of the Chart of the Taylor System of Color Harmony, it taught her to select, automatically and infallibly, the best color combinations for any costume or complexion.

Eleanor and I are both enrolled with the Women's College now, on the wonderful "Pay as You Study" Plan. We're advising all our girl friends to write for the fascinating booklet—"You and Your Clothes"—which the Women's College sends free upon request.

Why don't you get a copy? The coupon will bring one to you without expense or obligation.

Women's College of Arts and Sciences, Dept. C. 148
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<input type="checkbox"/> Professional Dressmaking and Tailoring
<input type="checkbox"/> Beauty-Charm

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When Children Cough Use Musterole

When you are wakened in the dead of night by that warning, croupy cough, get up and get the jar of Musterole.

Rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest, and then go back to bed.

Musterole penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes right to the seat of trouble.

Will not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, Musterole takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds.

Sold by druggists everywhere, in jars and tubes, 35c and 65c; hospital size, \$3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912 of McCall's MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1921.
State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid personally appeared Wm. B. Warner, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of the McCall Company, publishers of McCall's MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher: The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor: Henry F. Burton, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor: None; Business Manager: Henry J. Brown, Jr., 232-250 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: The McCall Company, New York, N. Y.; McCall Corporation, Wilmington, Del. (owner of McCall Company stock). The following are the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of the capital stock of McCall Corporation: Mahala D. Douglas, care of Minneapolis Trust Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; F. Hoffman, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City; James H. Ottley, 23 W. 42nd St., New York City; Piper & Company, 1205 First Nat'l-Soo Line Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.; Chas. D. Spaulding, 89 Neptune Ave., New Rochelle N. Y.; White, Weld & Co., 14 Wall St., New York City; H. N. Whitney & Sons, 17 Broad St., New York City; D. W. Streeter & Co., Buffalo Belling & Weaving Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Wm. B. WARNER, President.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1921. Joseph B. Roth, Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 31. Certificate filed in New York County, No. 123. My commission expires March 30, 1923.

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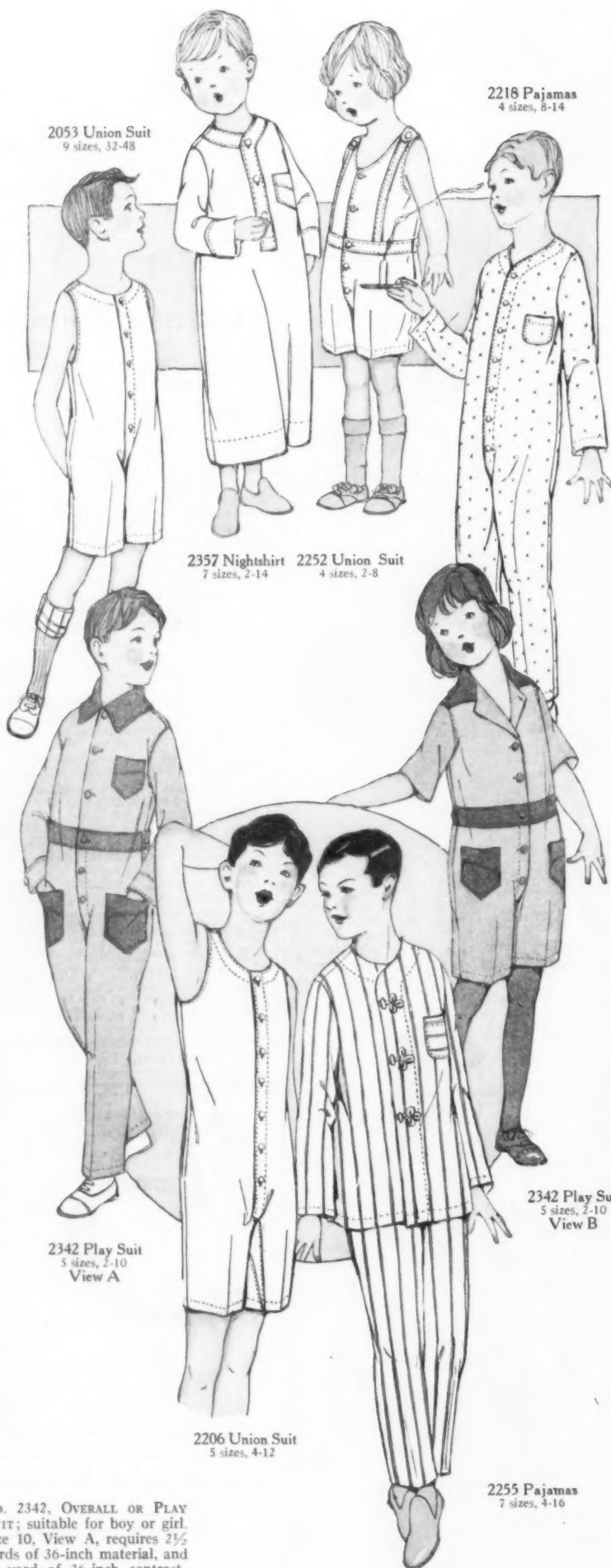


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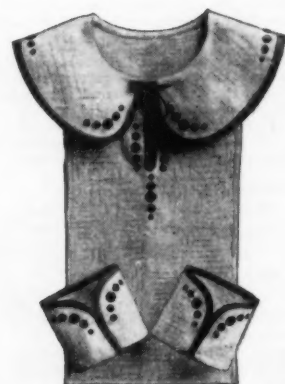
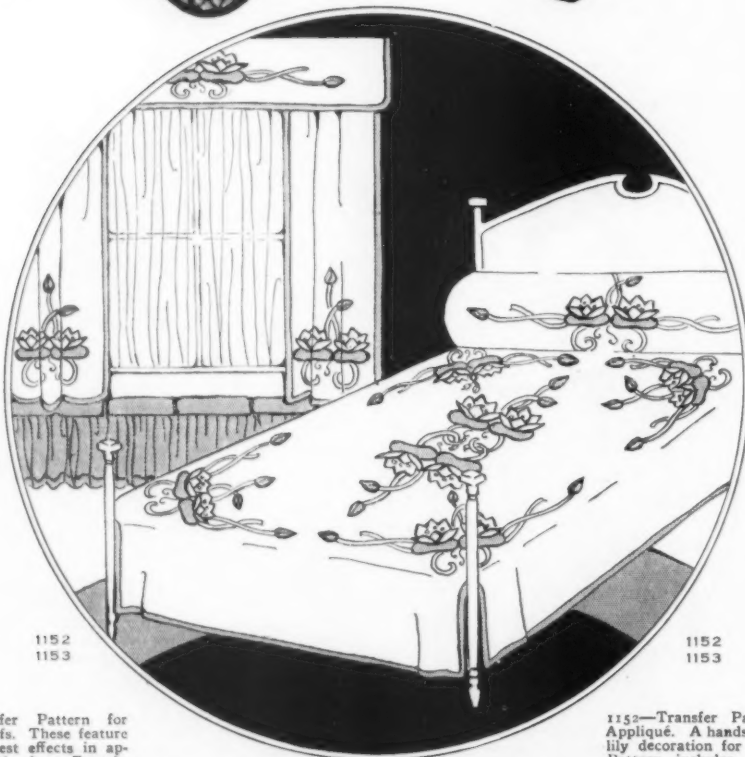
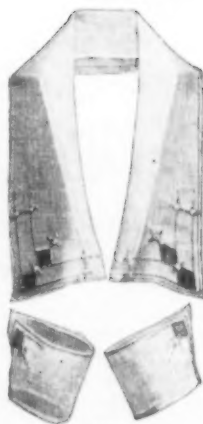
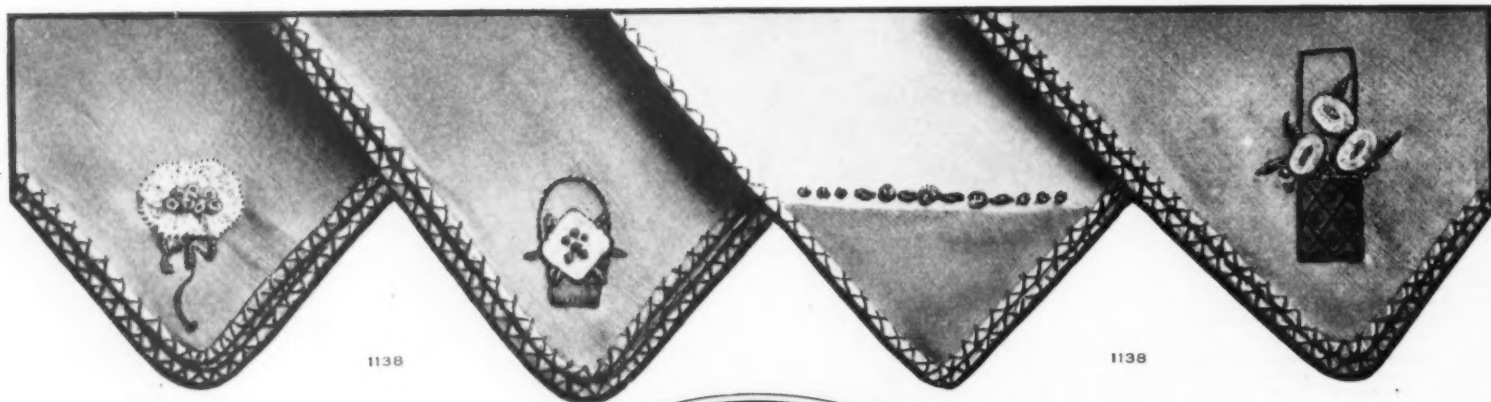
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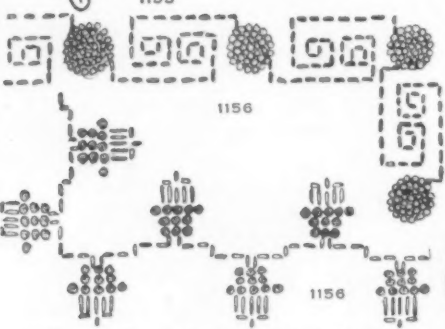


1138—Transfer Pattern for Handkerchiefs. These feature the very latest effects in appliqué and the long French knot embroidery now so much used on linen handkerchiefs in gay colors. The pattern includes full directions. Price, 25 cents. Blue.

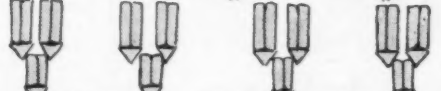
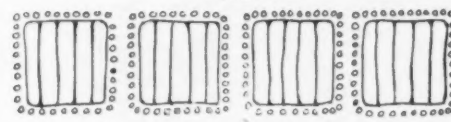
1122—Transfer Pattern for Collar and Cuff Sets. Gray organdie gives a chic effect for one, with appliqué patches of deep purple and roses in two shades of pink. The other is smart in white linen. Price, 30 cents. Blue.

1152—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué. A handsome water-lily decoration for bedspread. Pattern includes 4 corners, 2 1/2 x 2 1/2, and designs for patch-pieces. Price, 40 cents. Blue. Matches 1153 for Center and Bolster, 40 cents.

1153—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué. Includes 3 water-lily motifs for center of spread and bolster, also designs for patch-pieces and color suggestions. Motifs also make a smart decoration for curtains. Price, 40 cents. Blue. Match No. 1152 for corners.



1133—Transfer Pattern for Patchwork Parrot. This is most effective done in gay colors on a black pillow. Satin and linen are suitable materials. Pattern includes design about 11 x 16 inches, designs for stamping patch-pieces. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.



1144—Transfer Pattern for Tam. This design affords particular opportunity for smart and striking contrasts such as black and white, henna and blue, purple and lavender. Includes 8 sections and designs. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

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1156—Transfer Pattern for Bandings. Dainty borders for doilies, etc. In French knots and running stitches. Includes 6 1/2 yards each of key border design, 7 1/4 inch wide, and other design 1 1/4 inches wide. Price, 30 cents. Yellow and blue.



How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number desired and enclosing the price in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

1143—Transfer Pattern for Cherry Tam. A smart shape, simple to embroider in outline and satin stitch with wool. Pattern includes 2 sections 13 1/2 inches in diameter, and directions for embroidery. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

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1157—Transfer Pattern for Ribbon Trimmings. Some of the new ways of using ribbons for trimming dresses: tabs, rosettes, gatherings in V-shaped borders, and squares. Pattern includes 6 yards each of three borders. Price, 35 cents. Yellow.

The Coast of Cockaigne

[Continued from page 20]

the bellboy returning from her rooms, and paused to tip him opposite the door to the corner room occupied by Miss Marquis. The door was ajar, but the corridor lights struck in and picked out a white hand at rest upon the floor, a woman's hand, palm up, the fingers slightly contracted, absolutely motionless. A startling thing to see.

For a few seconds Lucinda stood in a stare, stricken with premonitions of horror. Then she moved to the door and rapped gently. There was no response; the hand didn't stir. She called in a guarded but clear tone: "Miss Marquis!" and laid hold of the knob and thrust the door wider. It met a soft obstacle when half-open, and would yield no further. The light now showed an arm bare to the elbow. With a shudder Lucinda stepped in, groped along the wall till her fingers found the switch illuminating the central chandelier, and shut the door.

Nelly Marquis lay supine, breathing if at all so lightly that the movement of her bosom, beneath the ragged lace of a dingy pink silk negligée, was imperceptible. Lids half lowered showed nothing but the whites of her eyes, her lips were parted and livid, her painted pallor was ghastly.

Lucinda knelt and touched the girl's wrist. It was icy cold; but when she placed her hand upon the bosom she found it warm, and that the heart in it was beating slowly.

She cast at random round the room for something in the nature of a restorative, but saw nothing that would serve, at first, only a disarray of garments and other personal belongings characteristic of natures in which care for appearances and personal neatness has become atrophied—if it ever existed. But she noticed absently that one of the windows stood wide open on the veranda, and went to close it and draw the shades before continuing her search.

In the bathroom she found a bottle of cheap, pungent toilet water and a pint flask of whisky, half emptied.

For the first time, as alternately she moistened the pale lips with whisky and bathed the brows and temples with toilet water, she observed a reddish bruise under the girl's left eye, the mark of a blow, possibly sustained in falling. But there was nothing nearby that the girl could have struck, to suffer such a hurt, except the door-knob, and if she had fallen against this with such force she must, one would think, have slammed the door. Puzzling...

But her ministrations were beginning to take effect. The girl's lips trembled, closed, then opened and shut several times. Her lashes fluttered and curtained her eyes. Lucinda went to the bathroom for water. When she returned with a glassful laced with whisky, Nelly Marquis was conscious; but her eyes, with pupils inordinately dilate, stared witlessly as Lucinda knelt again, passed an arm beneath the thin shoulders and lifted the girl's head so that she could drink. She sipped slowly at first, then gulping convulsively, drained the glass. The bleached lips framed a faint, echolike "Thanks."

"Do you think you're strong enough now to get to bed, if I help?"

Nelly Marquis nodded: "... try," she whispered. Using all her strength, Lucinda at length succeeded in getting the girl upon her feet. About this time the clouded faculties began to clear. Clinging to Lucinda's arms, the girl started convulsively, and darted swift glances of fear round the room, then turned a look of perplexity to Lucinda.

"Where is he?" the whisper demanded.

"Has he—has he gone?"

"There's no one here but you and me. Come: let me help you to bed."

Then recognition dawned, and with a movement of feeble fury the girl threw Lucinda's arm away and staggered to the foot of the bed, to which she clung, trembling.

"You!" she cried. "What are you doing here?"

"The door was open, I saw you lying senseless on the floor. I couldn't pass on and leave you like that."

Apparently will-power alone kept Nelly Marquis on her feet, but she said sullenly: "I suppose I ought to thank you. Well—much obliged, I'm sure. Is that enough?"

"Quite enough. I've no wish to annoy you. Only, let me suggest, you need a doctor. May I ask the man in the office to call one for you?"

"When I want a doctor, I'll call him myself. Good night."

Returning to her rooms, Lucinda called up the office and asked for the hotel physician. The clerk in charge reported that the doctor was out, but immediately upon his return would be informed of her request. Upward of an hour later a knock at Lucinda's door ushered in a young man with weary eyes, who attended gravely to what she had to tell him.

"She seems to have taken such an inexplicable dislike to me," Lucinda wound

up, "I'm sure she won't see you if she knows you come through me. But the girl is really ill and needs help. So I thought perhaps you could find someone else in the hotel who knew her."

"I fancy I know her well enough, myself, to excuse a friendly call. She's an old patient of mine, though she hasn't been in Hollywood for some time, I believe."

"Then you must know what's the matter with her..."

"Yes, I know... But it would be unprofessional to tell you, of course."

"But you can help her?"

"I'm not sure of that. To do her any real good, I'd have to have her under observation for some weeks. And cases like hers are peculiarly stubborn... However, I'll see what I can do, and let you know."

Three minutes after he had left, he knocked again.

"Too late, Miss Lee," he reported. "Nelly Marquis checked out about a quarter of an hour ago, they tell me at the desk—and left no address."

VII

THE indigene of Southern California has long since ceased to regard with much interest the publicly practised tribal customs of those clans which herd upon the motion-picture reservation. He no longer thinks he's seeing life when he comes upon troops of fairy policemen rapturously chasing their tails by broad daylight, or woebegone gentlemen with too much trousers popping out of man-holes in public thoroughfares, or painfully unconscious sweethearts in evening dress at high noon fondling each other in front of, say, the Hollywood Hotel.

A month of Hollywood had so accustomed Lucinda to such sights that she became a part of them, at least in as far as involved coursing through the streets in full make-up, without any sense of making herself unduly conspicuous. She even forgot to think it strange that she, Lucinda Druce, should not resent being made love to unprofessionally, that is to say without an eye to the camera, by a man with rouge on his lips and eyelashes beaded with mascara. She threw herself into those three days with the Summerlad company with tremendous gusto, liking it all as she seldom had liked anything before.

To rise hours before the time at which use had habituated her to waking, rout the drowsy warmth from her flesh with a cold plunge, dress hastily in her becoming white costume, snatch a bite of breakfast and dash out into the cool glow of morning sunlight to rendezvous at the studio; to pick up Lynn and Fanny in her car, race madly across country to a wild canyon of the Sierra Madre; to change to horseback when the going grew too perilous for motor travel, and ride five miles farther up a trail that now ran level with the rushing waters of a mountain stream, now climbed dizzily above it on rocky ledges barely wide enough to afford foothold for one horse at a time, ending in a lovely, lonely spot which Jacques had selected because, he said, it hadn't been "shot to death;" to idle, chat and giggle with Lynn, Fanny and Alice Blake during the long delays devoted by Jacques to making up his mind what he wanted to do in preference to the action indicated in the continuity which he was politely presumed to be producing; to lunch *al fresco*, frolic through a few minutes of make-believe while the camera clicked, then drive back in the evening lull, with lights breaking out through the lilac dusk like fireflies in a tinted mist; to get home so weary that one could hardly keep awake long enough to wolf down the dinner for which one was ravening; and all the while to be falling more and more desperately in love but still practising delectable self-denial: this wasn't work in any sense, but play, sheer play of a most gorgeous sort and of which surely one could never tire...

AS for the part she was supposed to play in this picture of Summerlad's, Lucinda never managed to secure a definite exposition of its nature or its importance in relation to the plot. Both Summerlad and Jacques seemed strangely

GRANDMOTHER deserves to have a party given for her! So does Small Son. Plans for two rollicking holiday parties, for either Grandmother or Son, will be sent free to you. Write for them to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. Enclose stamped self-addressed envelope.

vague in their minds concerning it, and Alice Blake frankly confessed she hadn't read the script.

To the best of her observation her rôle was that of an involuntary vamp. As such Miss Lee was to meet Mr. Summerlad under romantic circumstances and innocently allure him from strict fidelity to the charms of his betrothed (or, it may have been, his wife), Miss Blake. Of this situation, Miss Blake was in due course to become cognizant. What was to happen after that between Miss Blake and Mr. Summerlad was no concern of the involuntary vamp.

The said romantic circumstances were sufficiently thrilling in all conscience. Miss Lee was run away with by her horse while taking her customary morning canter in the mountains. Mr. Summerlad, similarly engaged in healthful equestrianism, saw her peril, pursued, snatched her bodily from her saddle to his arms at the very instant when her mount was about to plunge headlong over a precipice. After which he escorted her home, and on the way the two indulged in a little pardonable love-making.

Jacques used up all of two days and part of the third staging and shooting the runaway and the rescue scenes, in none of which either Lucinda or Summerlad figured in person. Lucinda, it is true, was photographed from several angles, riding along the mountainside trail at a point where it was broad enough for her horse with safety to its rider to shy and start to run away. The animal was an unusually intelligent, perfectly trained and gentle trick horse that would, given the right signal, perform any number of feats such as shying, running away, stopping short, falling dead under its rider. And Lucinda was a good horsewoman, though not competent for such rough and really dangerous riding as would be required after the start of the runaway. A double was therefore provided for her, a tough and wiry young woman of about her height and weight, who, with Lucinda's white coat, hat and boots added to her own white riding-breeches, would pass well enough for Lucinda in "distance shots," and who made her living by risking her life in just such ways.

Similarly a double was provided for Summerlad, although he rode superbly, and vigorously protested his right to take what chances he pleased with his own neck. But Jacques explained it wasn't Summerlad's neck he cared about, it was finishing a picture in which eighty thousand dollars had already been sunk and for whose completion Summerlad's services would be required for four more weeks. Thereafter he could break his neck as often and in as many places as he liked, for all of Jacques.

For those scenes of sentiment in which Lucinda and Summerlad were to play in person, Jacques wanted the contrast of richer and more abundant vegetation, and the location he selected brought the party at length to a point below that at which the other scenes had been taken.

Here Lucinda and Summerlad were photographed time and again, in distance shots, near-shots, and close-ups, riding side by side, registering the dawn of a more intimate interest each in the other, dismounting to rest in a wild sylvan glade by the side of the stream, and finally in each other's arms, with Miss Blake riding up to surprise them as they kissed.

Whether by intention or because such scenes are a commonplace of picture-making, Lucinda could not say, but she had not been in any way prepared for the fact that she was to be kissed by Summerlad; whereas she had been flirting with him decorously but desperately for the best part of three days. Now suddenly, toward the close of the third, she was directed to surrender to his embrace, submit to his kiss, and kiss him in response.

She made no demur, for that would have seemed silly, but did her best to ape the matter-of-course manner of all hands, and went through with it with all the stoicism, when the camera wasn't trained on her, that was compatible with the emotions she must show when it was.

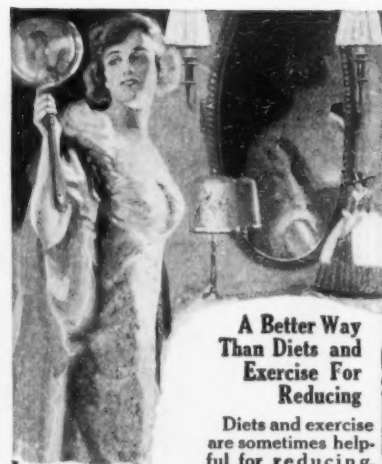
But her heart was thumping wildly when she felt Summerlad's arms for the first time enfold her; and when, murmuring terms of endearment appropriate to both the parts the man was playing, he put his lips to hers, she knew, both despite and because of the tumult of her senses, that she was lost. Control of the situation between them passed in that instant from her hands to his. She knew then that she loved him.

Released at length, she turned away, a little dazed and breathless, to find that during the scene of the kiss a party of uninvited onlookers had been added to their professional audience.

A strange motor car with two passengers had slipped up on the group, and one of its passengers had alighted and drawn near to watch.

This was Bellamy.

[Continued in the February McCall's]



A Better Way Than Diets and Exercise For Reducing

Diets and exercise are sometimes helpful for reducing. But they are inconvenient and unpleasant, and usually produce only temporary results. Then, too, they are merely corrective measures. A better way is to aid the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone, and sinew, and not into corpulent tissue. This method allows you to eat many kinds of food which others eat and does not require strenuous exercise.

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The House That Pays For Itself

Designed by Marcia Mead

HERE is a house that can support itself and, in the end, pay for itself too. For a family able to build not alone for itself but also as an investment, it offers an unusual opportunity to obtain a home which insures privacy and will return a substantial income.

Though two families occupy it, this is not what is ordinarily called a two-family house. Built on a corner lot it has separate entrances upon different streets to each of the semi-detached houses it contains. There is no "front door" nor "back door" effect to make either occupant dissatisfied. Nor is one family placed above the other to hear every footstep on the floor above.

In many ways these semi-detached homes have more privacy than two houses placed side by side in ordinary fashion. Because of the zigzag pattern in which the rooms are arranged, it is impossible for your neighbors to look from their windows into your home.

This home has been designed also to take full advantage of the fact that it fronts upon two streets; it will add to the charm of any avenue upon which it is built.

The question of financing is of prime importance. To construct this home will cost from \$12,000 to \$15,000, depending on the section of the country in which it is built and the materials employed. Stucco

THIS house, forming two semi-detached houses, designed by Marcia Mead, an eminent woman architect, will pay for the cost of building it and later provide the builder with an annual income. It plans, carefully, too, ample closet space and working conveniences for the women who are to carry on within it their business of home-making.

finish is best, put on over metal lath on frame or applied directly to tile walls. Also, the house would prove unusually pleasing if made of brick—and it is important to note that there have been considerable reductions in the price of this material.

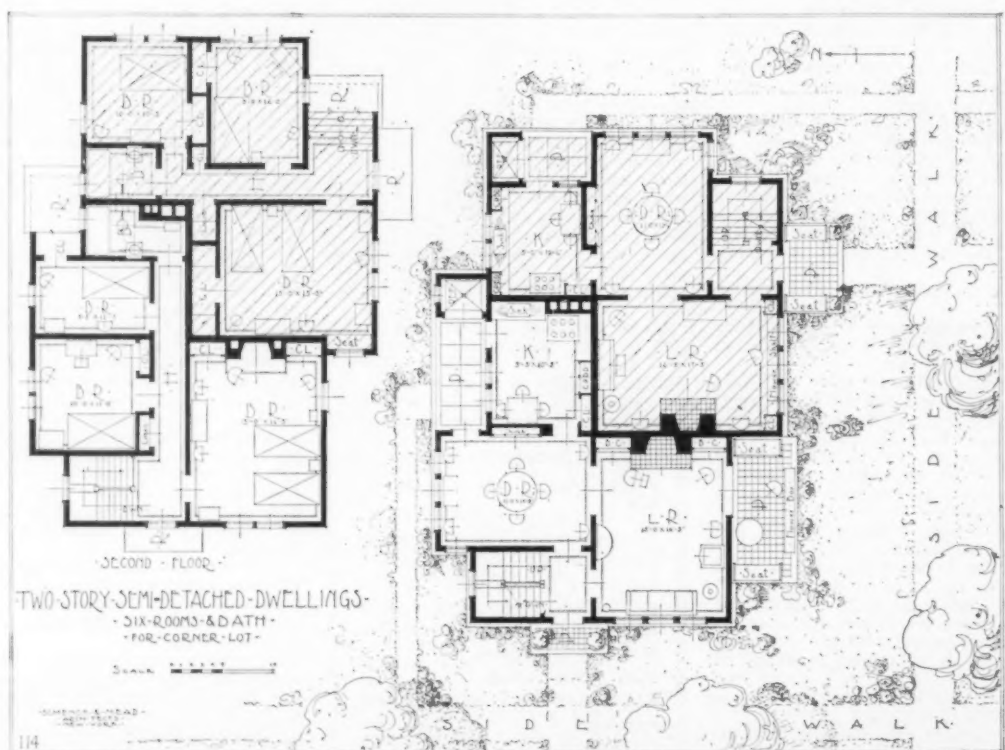
Of course, assuming that the house is to cost approximately \$13,000, it is not necessary to pay this sum at once. Money for mortgages is somewhat more plentiful now, and it should be possible to leave more than half this sum, probably about \$8,000, on a

first mortgage to run for a long period of time. It may also be possible to borrow additional money on a second mortgage, but other security would have to be furnished. Also, you would probably have to be ready to meet this mortgage when it fell due, though you could count with some certainty on renewing the first mortgage.

Much better would it be, in case you desire the kind of loan that may be paid off gradually, to make application to a building-and-loan society. If the lot is worth about \$1,500 it should be possible to obtain a loan of \$9,000 to enable you to complete the dwelling. This means that you can build the home by putting into it only \$4,000 of your money, plus the cost of the lot, the sum spent for fixtures, grading the sidewalks and so forth. This would probably amount to an extra \$2,500, bringing your entire investment to \$6,500.

But when your house is completed it is a solid investment that will bring in a good yield every year. For you have a house of six rooms and bath to let, new, compact, pretty, inviting. In comparison with old, inconvenient, unsightly houses and dingy, uncomfortable apartments which today bring big rentals, the semi-detached dwelling affords practically every advantage that the home-seeker desires.

(Continued on page 47)



The House That Pays for Itself

[Continued from page 46]

To be sure, you do not wish to join the ranks of the rent profiteers, but, without doing so, you may obtain from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year for the second half of your home, depending on its location, on prices in your section of the country, and so on.

Let us suppose that the house brings \$100 a month, or \$1,200 a year, surely not an exorbitant figure compared to the rents so many families are paying. Let us see how that works out in connection with the two plans we have suggested for building the house.

One example is where a loan of \$9,000 has been obtained from a building-and-loan association. The rules of these organizations differ in various details, but one familiar plan is for the borrower to pay back the money at the rate of one per cent. a month over a period of eleven years and seven months. This covers principal and interest.

If this plan is followed, the family building the house must set aside \$1,080 of the \$1,200 rent received each year. This sum (twelve monthly payments of \$90 each) must go to the building-and-loan society; the remainder of the rent, \$120, will cover part of the sum required for taxes, repairs and the other smaller expenses. However in less than twelve years the house will be owned scot-free, and the owner can then use the income to reimburse himself for the original investment.

The other case is that of a family obtaining an \$8,000 mortgage. Interest on this sum at six per cent. will amount to \$480 a year. Taxes, repairs, water, insurance and other expenses will consume about \$500 a year, bringing the total yearly cost of the house to \$980. Thus the rent will amount each year to \$220 more than the expense of the home.

Most families, of course, would regard this \$220 a year as a contribution—and a welcome one—to the yearly budget. But it is interesting to know that there would be another, and perhaps a better, use for this \$220. If it were invested each year at six per cent.—and there are a number of safe investments which yield that sum today—and if the interest every year were resolutely reinvested, the \$220 yearly would, within a few months over twenty years, be sufficient to pay off, completely, the \$8,000 mortgage.

Of course, the success of this house depends to a great extent upon the "party wall" being constructed in such a manner as to make it as nearly sound-proof as possible. If it is made of frame, there should be double the number of studs, "staggered" so as to separate the inner finish completely and provide a continuous air space. A deadening felt may also be used between the two sets of studs.

Was Byron Right?

[Continued from page 10]

The Man's View

one will have her audience pop-eyed with interest over "him."

But Great Scott! put a love-sick male down among his dearest friends and how do they receive him? Do they want to hear all about her? No, they shun him as if he had the smallpox. No man is interested in anyone's love affairs but his own, and he's too scared to talk about them in the presence of other male brutes, even if they'd listen to him.

But women are different. If they haven't got a real flesh-and-blood love-affair to worry over they'll get an imitation. They can even get all jazzed up over a sentimental book or a sloppy play. Their ability to put themselves in another's place is marvelous. And a good thing for men that it is so. When poetry isn't really in a woman's life, she tries her hardest to create it. When the vital spark is lacking, she supplies it with her dreams. When she marries an imaginationless goop who doesn't know how to spell the word Romance, she summons it up from her inner self.

Women are in love with love. They guard it like a flower in their hearts, always hoping that the man of their choice will know how to tend it, but even when husbands act like pachyderms, they don't and won't see it. When women love, geese become swans in their eyes and a rabbit muff becomes sable.

The Woman's View

We, today, you and I, your woman neighbor and mine, are the result of these golden ages. We are members of the present golden age. Now that women have an opportunity to have in their existence not only love, but love plus, what is their whole existence? Is it only the vote, now that they have it? Men feared the ballot would be the death of love. As a fact, women both vote and love with pleasing versatility.

Men who, as a life work, deride women for being interested only in love, are usually describing the kind of women they are always interested in. Byron was the exception to this rule. In loving one of the most intellectual women of his day, he became a victim of his own better judgment.

It is the strong man's boast that he always gets what he wants. That he has rarely wanted a woman capable of anything but love, history seems: rather pointedly to prove. When, rarely, he wanted something bigger, he got that too.

Is love woman's whole existence? It is difficult to say, even after much meditation. Women will continue in the world and be passionate sweethearts, as the men will continue to be violent lovers. The instinct for race will have its way.

Women will continue, too, to be mothers, as the men will be fathers. . . . And in exactly the same proportion.

Re-enter Mama

[Continued from page 34]

Margot's lips began to quiver. "I don't think that was very nice of him—not to say good-by to me."

"That wasn't his fault. He didn't know he was leaving for good when we left."

"But how—his trunk?"

"His trunk was all packed and in the baggage-rack."

"Mother," Margot's rage stiffened the quiver out of her lips. "I think it's perfectly awful the way you're acting—using rouge and a lip-stick—and smoking cigarettes. It isn't right for a woman of your age. And monopolizing my company—and then sending him away."

Madge ran her hand through the rippled gold of her hair. "You spoke of a woman of my age, Margot," she said at last. "Do you know how old I am?"

"No."

"Thirty-six. Would you like me to marry again?"

"Mother!"

"Hal proposed to me yesterday."

"Mother!"

"I told him I'd give him my answer tonight. My answer was to send him home. He wanted me to marry him at once; and then to motor through Europe."

"He—he—he—How did he know whether I'd like to go to Europe?"

"He didn't care whether you liked it or not. He wanted me to put you in a girl's camp for the summer and to send you to college next winter."

Margot burst into furious tears. Her mother knelt; took her into her arms. For

a moment, Margot resisted. Then her head fell on her mother's shoulder.

"He wasn't worth it, honey," Madge said steadily. "He's a very cheap person. He only wanted money. He didn't have to wait for mine as he would have for yours. That's why he transferred his attentions to me. You know, my dear, I'm still what my generation calls a young woman. I haven't forgotten how to flirt—or vamp as you call it."

"I know that," Margot sighed with emphasis. "I don't mind your vamping, mother, if you only won't marry them. But, oh mother, please don't rouge. And please let your wonderful hair grow again!"

Over her daughter's head, Madge Delcavere smiled into space. "I know exactly how you feel, dear," she declared sympathetically. "I hated to see your hair gone and, oh, how I dislike your making up."

"Mother—I'll—I'll—I'll make a bargain with you. I won't—if you won't."

"All right, darling. If you feel that way about it, I agree." Madge continued to pet her daughter, kissed her good-night. As she turned to go, Margot roused herself.

"Mother, what did Hal say?"

"He couldn't say anything. I had said good-by and was stepping into the new car. I only got the look on his face—" Madge turned to conceal her smile.

After Madge had gone to bed, a sound from Margot's direction broke the stillness. Would the child cry all night? She listened. But it was not a sob that fell on her ears. Margot was giggling.

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The Only Proof

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I was deeply in love with a young man who enlisted and went to the war. Before leaving, he continually declared his love for me. While in the service, he wrote but ceased to speak of our love.

He was discharged a year ago, and recently has taken up the tone of his former devotion.

I am absolutely unable to interest myself in any other man. Do you think him worthy of my love and faithfulness? Are his attentions serious now? Ought he not to explain to me? What course should I better pursue?—H. M., Portland, Oregon.

ACCEPT his word—but not too eagerly.

Bury the past—and begin again. The man's attitude to the girl he left behind him was not uncommon as more than one engaged girl has testified. Only the men who went overseas can explain it—and they never do.

The fact that the man has come back to you is doubtless a proof that he is sure—at last—that you are the girl he wants to marry.

Remaking a Man

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

Is it right to marry a man you do not trust but still love so much that his mere presence in the room makes everything seem different?

My mind says that I will be unhappy. My heart says that I cannot give him up.

The man is a physician, very attractive, an ideal companion. I am a trained nurse and I have seen enough of the temptations which neurotic and unhappily married women put in a doctor's way.

I have forgiven in my lover's past what I could not forgive in our future, but what I know I will be expected to forgive.

I do not understand men, he insists. I admit that after years of opportunity for observing husbands in their homes, I perceive much which I do not accept as necessary.

Sometimes I feel that the greatest unhappiness I could suffer as this man's wife would not be half as bad as the gray desolation of giving him up forever.

For your opinion, many thanks.—J. L., Chicago.

THE very intelligent woman from whose remarkable letter the above excerpt was made realizes fully the truth about modern love and marriage as worked out in many lives, under the present uneasy social conditions.

I hardly think that anyone would dare to advise her, but most fortunately there comes to hand an old confession from a wife of several years. It may help her.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

The complaint that a woman cannot understand the heart of a man has often appeared in the letters printed on your most interesting page. It is true. I have been twice married. I know as a wife who has suffered from not understanding.

I believe, and I think most women believe with me, that the mind should rule the body. All civilized humans pretend to believe that. But Freud and some others lately have been popularizing the opposite theory. And the new doctrine was eagerly grasped at by my second husband who is a very learned man. My first husband lived by it—he was a successful business man.

Personally, I have always believed in inhibitions as steps between the ape and man. Most women do. Just here the educated man and woman drift apart. If marriage is to continue for the woman who knows, she must make big sacrifices. If she does not, the man is going to marry a woman of inferior qualities, the woman who is easily fooled and blinded.

In short the clever, sophisticated woman must accept marriage upon man's theory, not her own. And if she does not (carrying this idea to the limit) the race will dwindle, because the superior women will refuse to marry.

Plainly, I was an informed woman when the time came for a second marriage. I was childless. I decided to accept wedded life on the man's basis; I decided to get what there was in it for me, knowing that I was fated to give all and that after a few years, I would get back only a part. There seemed to be no other way. If I wanted a home and a family, in short if I desired the normal life of a woman, I must put the best of myself into life, and receive and be content with my husband's divided allegiance.

On this theory, I married six years ago, and so far my husband, who had always protested his right—a man's right to live as nature made him—so far my

IF you have a problem, accept me as a friend, one who has lived and who understands, and one to whom you may tell your story without a hint of your identity. I shall in all cases use only your initials in answering you in these columns; in fact, you need sign only your initials if you wish. Or send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal letter. Address your inquiries to Mrs. Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



husband has been absolutely loyal and devoted to me. He adores his little daughter and infant son.

His opinions about the double standard have been made over, he says. His mind rules and he hates to have me think of him as otherwise controlled. He says I have opened to him a new existence, that instead of being bound and limited by marriage, he feels free and liberated from an old slavery.

This fortunate experience of mine may seldom be paralleled but I have long wanted to proclaim it to other women.

If we put the best of ourselves into marriage, sometimes—the best does come back.—M. B. B., Cleveland, Ohio.

Chemistry and the Affinity

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I was engaged to a man hard to understand. He protested vehemently that he loved me but never once did he do any of the nice little things every woman appreciates.

He was morose, sullen, silent, also handsome and highly educated.

I was so much in love that I pardoned his selfishness. Finally he imposed upon my own extreme sensitiveness; he became a tyrant, and I gave him back his ring.

We simply did not understand each other. I suppose I was the wrong woman for him. Sometimes I'm haunted by the idea that by love and compromise I might have remade his moods. Then I remember how he loved to hurt my feelings.

I never was at home with him.

Are there natural affinities in love?—K. F. A., Chicago.

PERHAPS there are. When a man and a maid feel "at home" together, there's not much more to be had from love. Such must be affinities.

The word is more than a figure of speech when applied to lovers.

A scientific authority says:

"We must assume that every individual of a certain species differs in a definite chemical way from every other of that species, and that in its chemical constitution an animal of one species differs still more from an animal of another."

It has been shown that white mice bred in Europe differ chemically from white mice bred in America.

Individuals have, it appears, a definite chemical constitution. A mysterious chemical action or reaction may result when two human beings meet. We have all known some individuals too sensitive to touch any but their most loved friends.

It may be possible that certain physico-chemical constitutions attract or repel each other.

If such chemical reactions are latent in the human organism, the affinity-hunt may some day be ended by scientific tests!

Help the Postmaster

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

Shall I make copies of an endless chain prayer, mailing one a day for seven days?—E. M. M., Johnston, Pa.

NEVER. Snap the chain. Help the government to destroy a nuisance.

Shall I Divorce Him?

THE above question occurs in a distressing number of letters recently received. The answer, "No!" covers them all.

Here are some sample paragraphs:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

My husband is urging me to get a divorce. I do not want one, although I have grounds against him. I think if he cannot succeed in forcing me to appeal to the court by fair means, he will do so by foul. What am I to do?—Mrs. Beatrice X—.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

My husband desires a divorce. If I leave him he will marry a girl in his office and forget his children. If I stay with him, I will worry until I die, and then he will forget my babies.

He discussed divorcing me with the girl—and afterward with me!

I am sick. My doctor says I cannot get well until I stop worrying. You have the facts which I cannot tell to him.

Do not be afraid to advise me. I have gone over the facts so many times that if there is any way out except death—I cannot see it.—Alice W., Augusta, Maine.

I WISH these letters comprised and concluded the list of similar complaints. To a dozen other mothers pressed hard toward divorce I offer the following warning. It was contributed by a woman physician, who complied with her husband's demand for divorce from the highest motives—righteous indignation combined with independence. No better warning to wives similarly situated could be devised than this:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I married a man whom it seemed God meant for me—and me for him. We were both college graduates, brought up with the highest ideals of love and marriage.

My first child was born just at the end of my first year of marriage and from that time I lost my good looks. My health was wretched, but I shared a long hard struggle in our profession.

Inside of six years, the man whom I adored, the man who had promised to cherish me in sorrow, told me he no longer loved me. He insisted that I get a divorce. He refused to support our little girls unless I did.

There was another woman whom he loved. I went to her, begged her to give him up for his children's sake. She refused. He told me my plea was quite useless.

So a year ago I was granted a divorce on the ground as old as the commandments. And I wish that I had died then! I still love my husband. My daughters are like him.

I am unfit to practise my profession on account of my health. I could go back to my father, but oh, I am selfish, I want to bring up my children myself. I wish to work to support them.

My heart is smashed to bits. Can you help me to mend it?

My girls' father is married again. He has forgotten them. He is happy—and heaven seems very far away from me.—S. W., St. Louis.

This unfortunate and very proud woman has discovered through a dreadful experience what others have also written to me. She has discovered that divorce does not settle a wronged wife's problem.

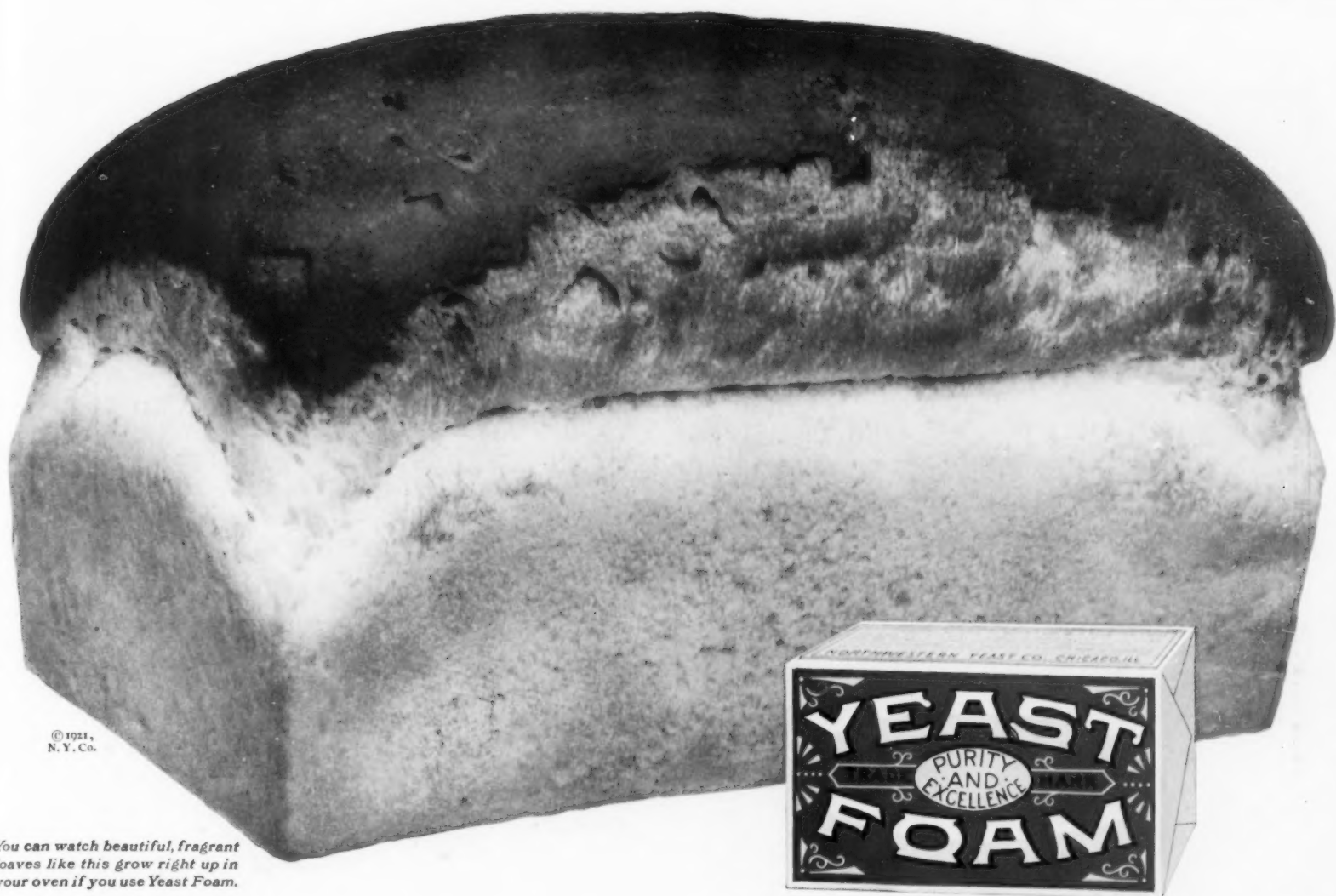
Like other wives, who have surrendered their rights, she has found no peace, and she regrets a too rash, too hasty decision.

The wife who permits herself to be thrust out of her home, is usually unhappy all of the time. If she had remained in her home, doubtless she would have been happy part of the time.

There is much to marriage besides love. When that dies, there remains the home, and the child in the home, and the father to support the home.

Personally, I am not recommending the old belief that a wife can reform a recreant husband by smiling and enduring. But I am advising that when the ideal condition of marriage collapses, it is the wife's part to preserve what remains.

Winona Wilcox



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*The Woman
whose sleep
is habitually
disturbed—*

*May make
a failure of
her children*



There is nothing in the world more likely to create a nervous, irritable disposition than the constant loss of sleep

If YOUR nerves are irritated so that sleep only comes after hours and hours of tossing around restlessly, and then is broken and fitful and unrefreshing, your nerves cannot be in proper condition.

As a matter of fact, your nerves are not properly nourished. They may be actually starved, because it is during sleep that the reconstructive processes in your body are busiest.

Therefore, the woman whose nerves are irritated and kept on edge, can never do herself justice. She cannot possibly show the forbearance and consideration for her children that she would if her nerves were calm and rested.

If you are accustomed to drinking tea or coffee, you are taking into your system ele-

ments which, sooner or later, may bring about nerve-bankruptcy. For tea and coffee contain thein and caffeine—well-known drugs.

If you want to know the joys of sound, restful sleep and strong virile nerves, stop drinking tea and coffee, and drink Postum instead. You will like its delicious, savory flavor.

Postum is the nationally-known, pure cereal beverage. It helps to build up the nervous system, by permitting you to get sound, refreshing sleep.

Go to your grocer today and get a tin of Instant Postum—made instantly in the cup. Drink it for 10 days instead of tea or coffee, and see how much more vigorous and enduring you will feel. Then you can make up your mind to quit tea and coffee forever.

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